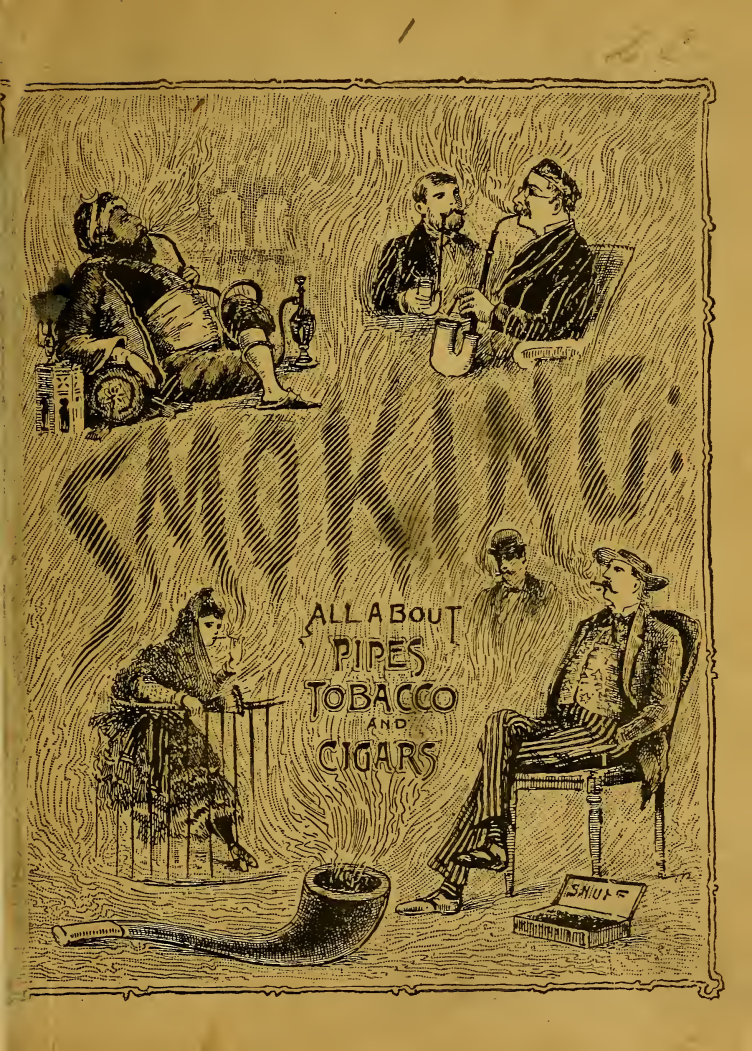
ALL ABOUT
PIPES
TOBACCO
AND
CIGARS
SMOKE

SMOKING:

A World of Curious Facts, Queer Fancies, and Lively Anecdotes about

PIPES,

TOBACCO,

AND CIGARS.

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I.

WHAT TOBACCO IS AND WHERE IT COMES FROM—ITS MANUFACTURE A GOVERNMENT MONOPOLY IN FRANCE—ANECDOTE: "YOUR COAT-TAIL IS ON FIRE"—SMOKING AMONG THE CHINESE—THE INDIANS LOOKED UPON TOBACCO AS A GIFT OF THE GODS—"THE CALUMET OF PEACE"—TOBACCO IN EUROPE—ITS GREAT VALUE AS A MEDICINE—VARIOUS CURES EFFECTED BY ITS USE—EARLY EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS THE WEED—A MORAL LESSON DRAWN FROM SMOKE: "THUS THINK AND SMOKE TOBACCO."

Botanically speaking there are forty varieties of the tobacco plant, growing to an altitude of from three to fifteen feet from the ground. It is cultivated in Germany, Holland, European Turkey, China, East Indies, Persia, parts of Asiatic Turkey, Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, Brazil, and, in our own country, in the States of Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and Connecticut. European tobacco is not as strong as that grown in America. The tobacco grown in Germany, for instance, may be smoked continually without any bad effects; if the

lover of the weed used the same amount of the American variety the effect would be very disagreeable, even dangerous.

Although the method of cultivation is the same in all countries, the differences that exist in the taste and perfume of tobacco come from the natural richness of the soil and the excellence of the temperature. The best tobacco is grown in Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, and, above all, in the United States, where the soil is fertile and the sky pure and full of sun. After Cuba, the choicest tobacco comes from Virginia, Borneo, Ceylon, and the Philippine Islands. In Asia, and principally in Persia, the cultivation is carried on extensively. As for the Turkish tobacco, it is extremely aromatic. The best brands come from Roumelia, Syria, Nomadan, Karamania, and the borders of the Persian Gulf. China furnishes a straw-yellow tobacco, which is smoked a good deal in England. Japan, Cochin China, India, and the Tonkin produce only mediocre varieties. Burmah is more favored. At Manila the cultivation is more and more important; Manila cigars are sent all over the extreme Orient. Holland has valuable tobacco lands at Java and Sumatra. The products are sold at Amsterdam, and are used throughout Europe as wrappers for costly cigars.

The United States is the most productive country in the world, and at least half of its production is exported. Mexico and

Brazil furnish very aromatic tobaccos; that of Brazil is the most combustible in the world. A great variety of species is also cultivated throughout Europe, but these are generally of very ordinary quality, and are consumed at home. England is the only country where tobacco is not grown. The German tobaccos are mostly cultivated on the borders of the Rhine, at Baden and at Mayence. They are fresh and light, but of poor flavor.

The weed was introduced into France by a Frenchman named Jean Nicot, and from him the botanical name, nicotine, is derived. The manufacture of tobacco was free in 1621, and for a long time proved a profitable business. Napoleon was attracted at a ball in the Tuileries by a lady gorgeously dressed and bedecked with many diamonds and jewels. "Who is that princess?" he inquired. When he was told that she was only a tobacco manufacturer's wife he at once resolved to take charge of this means of acquiring wealth.

In France, tobacco, being a Government monopoly, can be grown only by permission. The cultivators have the choice of selling their crops to the Government or of exporting them. No Frenchman, other than an authorized cultivator, can have tobacco leaves in his possession, and no one can keep a stock of manufactured tobacco other than that supplied by the Government, and this stock cannot exceed twenty

pounds. Tobacco is now cultivated in twenty-two departments—the Nord, Pas-de-Calais, Ille-et-Vilaine, Gironde, Dordogne, Corrèz, Lot et-Garonne, Lot, Landes, Hautes-Pyrénées, Vaucluse, Bouches-du-Rhône, Var, Alpes-Maritimes, Isêre, Savoie, Haute-Savoie, Puy-de-Dôme, Haute-Saône, Vosges, Meuse, Meurthe-et-Moselle. The tobaccos grown in the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais are the most charged with nicotine. Those of the Lot and the Lot-et-Garonne are the best. There exist in France nineteen tobacco manufactories, of which two are at Paris. The ordinary caporal, or, as it is officially called, *scaferlati* tobacco, is sold at $1.25 a pound, and the superior *scaferlati* at $1.60 a pound. This tobacco is put up in small packages of different colored paper. The monopoly yields the Government nearly $50,000,000 annually.

The crop alluded to above represents the home production, but the government imports a great deal of tobacco in leaf and manufactures it in France.

All the tobacco stores in France belong to the State. There are over 40,000 of them. The State does not sell tobacco at retail except in three stores; the others are let to widows of officers, government officials, and sometimes to the widows of Senators, Deputies, and Prefects. They take the place of pensions. If the Government grants a pension to the wife of some man

who has died in the service of his country, that generally means that she gets a tobacco store, or bureau, as it is called. As the social position of the pensioners will not allow them to run the bureaus directly, they let them. The dealer is allowed ten per cent. profit by the Government, and is prohibited from selling any tobacco except that supplied and priced by the State. Neither must they make cigarettes out of the Government tobacco. Every cigarette must bear the official stamp.

There is a good story of an Englishman and a Frenchman who were travelling together in a diligence, both smoking. Monsieur did all in his power to draw his phlegmatic fellow-passenger into conversation, but to no purpose. At last, with a superabundance of politeness he apologized for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat and that a spark was endangering his neckerchief. The Englishman, now thoroughly aroused, exclaimed, "Why the devil can't you let me alone? Your coat-tail has been on fire for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it!"

The smoking of tobacco is of great antiquity among the Chinese because on their very old ornaments pictures can be seen of the same tobacco pipes now in use. Its very early use by this nation, however, is only a supposition, and against the theory is

the fact that the custom did not extend to neighboring nations as it did in other parts of Europe soon after the introduction of the weed from America.

In China the use of tobacco is common to both sexes, to all the provinces, to the diverse classes of society, and to nearly all ages. Even young girls of eight and ten years smoke long pipes. Two kinds of the plant are cultivated in the country, the *nicotiana sinensis* and the *nicotiana fruticosa*. They grow in nearly all the provinces of the Celestial Empire, but the cultivation is generally made on a small scale. Each family grows in the garden that surrounds its house the plants necessary for its yearly consumption. However, three provinces are particularly favorable for the production, and they are about the only ones that furnish the three or four preferred brands which are sold in the various markets. These provinces are Che-kiang, Hoo-pe, and Quang-tong, where the tobacco is colored in four different shades, yellow, violet, black, and red. At Canton about ten qualities are sold, but only four of them are generally used. Among these tobaccos several have been dipped in a solution of opium. This plunging gives them a more reddish color and a slight opium taste. As for the Japanese, they are great smokers and cultivate a particular kind of tobacco, the *nicotiana sinensis*, the leaves of which they cut into

exceedingly thin fibres. This tobacco, which is yellow and as fine as hair, is mild and of very agreeable flavor. The use of tobacco began at about the same epoch in China and Japan—that is, toward the year 1574. The Arabs at Cairo smoke the best quality of tobacco; sometimes they perfume it with rose water and mix amber-scented pastilles with it in their chibouks. The smoke that they thus inhale is impregnated with agreeable odors.

The use of tobacco among the American Indians was prevalent from ancient antiquity, the custom being to inhale it through the nostrils by means of a small hollow-forked cane, shaped like a pitch-fork, the single fork being placed in the fire and the shorter tubes up their nostrils. This instrument was called *tobago*, and from this term comes the word tobacco applied to the weed itself. At the time when Columbus discovered the New World the habit of smoking was common in South America. An historian, writing of these times, says of the tobacco plant, "It is called *petun* by the Brazilians; *tapaco* by the Spaniards; the leaves of which well dried they place in the open (widespread) part of a pipe, of which (being burned) the smoke is inhaled into the mouth by the more narrow part of the pipe, and so strongly that it flows out of the mouth and nostrils, and by that means drives out humors." When Cortez made

the conquest of Mexico, in 1519, smoking was an established custom among the people; Montezuma would have his pipe brought to him with much ceremony by leading ladies of his court, indulging in the luxury after dinner and washing out his mouth with scented water.

The early histories of the New World are full of curious and interesting allusions to the smoking habit. One of the members of the expedition of 1584, under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, states that the Indians looked upon tobacco as a gift from the Great Spirit for their especial enjoyment. They burned it as a sacrifice, threw it into the air and water to quell a storm at sea, after an escape from danger they also threw some into the air. "We ourselves," says the first writer about Virginia, "during the time we were there used to suck it after their manner, as also since our returne, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the vertues thereof; of which the relation would require a volume by itselfe; the use of it by so manie of late, men and women, of great calling as else, and some learned phisitions also, is sufficient witnes." Another author, after stating that the "salvages" call tobacco *apooke*, says: "The salvages here dry the leaves of this *apooke* over the fier, and sometimes in the sun, and crumble yt into poudre, stalks, leaves, and all, taking the same in

pipes of earth, which very ingeniously they can make."

The use of tobacco among the Indians has been connected with their religious worship. No treaty can be ratified without smoking the pipe of peace. Wilson, in his Prehistoric man, says: "In the belief of the ancient worshipper, the Great Spirit smelled a sweet savour as the smoke of the sacred plant ascended to the heavens; and the homely implement of modern luxury was in their hands a sacred censor, from which the hallowed vapour rose with as fitting propitiatory odours as that which perfumes the awful precincts of the cathedral altar, amid the mysteries of the church's high and holy days." The Indian calumet, or pipe of peace, is a sacred pipe ornamented with the war eagle's quills. It is never allowed to be used on any other occasion than that of peace-making. When a treaty is made the chief brings it out, unfolds the many bandages which are carefully kept round it, and the pipe is passed to the different chiefs, each one in turn taking only one breath of smoke through it.

"From the red stone of the quarry,
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures.
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark, green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;

Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst, and kindled;
And erect, upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito the Mighty
Smoked the calumet, the Peace pipe,
As a signal to the nations."

The seeds of the tobacco plant were first brought to Europe by Gonzalo Hernandez de Oviedo, who introduced it into Spain about 1560, where it was first cultivated as an ornamental plant, until another Spaniard claimed that it possessed medicinal virtues. It was introduced into Italy in 1560.

It has generally been claimed that Sir Walter Raleigh was the originator of smoking in England, and he certainly made the custom fashionable, but tobacco was really introduced into England by Mr. Ralph Lane, who was sent out by Raleigh as Governor of Virginia, and who returned to England in 1586. When Raleigh's servant for the first time saw his master smoke, he drenched him with beer, thinking he had got afire!

The tobacco plant was known in England before this date; one writer claims it came into England in 1577, Taylor, the Water-poet, says 1565, and a Dutch author says 1576. To Raleigh, however, must be given the credit for introducing the habit of smoking.

"While yet the world was young, the gods on high
Bestowed the gift of wine upon the earth;

The wide world rang with jocund minstrelsy,
And Laughter shouting ushered in the birth.
The boon was suited to the youth of man;
But as the weight of years upon him grew,
And wise and sorrowful old age began,
The gods consulted and devised anew.
Then was revealed the solace that should bless;
Gray-bearded Contemplation wore a smile;
Grief raised her hands in trembling thankfulness;
And all confessed they now might bear awhile.
Said Zeus: 'Love, Wine and Learning, 'tis, but three;
The race is dying—let Tobacco be.'"

As already stated, when the tobacco plant first became known it was supposed to possess almost miraculous healing powers, and was designated herba panacea, herba santa, sana sancta Indorum.

The early Spanish physicians administered it to sick people by inhalation; when the patient was thoroughly intoxicated by it, a cure was generally affected.

Spenser called it "divine tobacco" and William Lilly called it "our holy herb nicotian." Their references show that the plant was used for wounds. Spenser says it was brought to heal Timais, "who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood neare." And Lilly says it was used to heal a lover whose hand had been wounded with a spear. "Robinson Crusoe" speaks of the Brazilians taking no physic, but using tobacco for almost all their distempers. Suffering from some ailment, he says he took a roll of tobacco from one of his chests. "I first took a piece of a leaf, and chewed it in my mouth, which, indeed, at

first almost stupefied my brain, the tobacco being green and strong, and I had not been much used to it; then I took some and steeped it an hour or two in some rum, and resolved to take a dose of it when I lay down; and lastly, I burnt some upon a pan of coals, and held my nose close over the smoke of it as long as I could bear it, as well for the heat as the virtue of it, and I held out almost to suffocation."

He took a dose of the rum and tobacco, fell into a sound sleep and when he awoke he found himself "exceedingly refreshed" and his spirits "lively and cheerful."

Whilst the great plague raged in London, tobacco was recommended by the faculty, and generally taken as a preventive against infection. It was popularly reported that no tobacconists or their households were afflicted by the plague. Physicians who visited the sick took it very freely; the men who went round with the dead carts had their pipes continually alight. This gave tobacco a new popularity, and it became a popular cure of the day. The school boys at Eton were obliged to smoke in the school every morning, and they were whipped if they did not.

A doctor, in the time of James I., directed a patient who was suffering from an inflamed tooth to smoke without intermission until he had consumed an ounce of tobacco. The man was accustomed to smoke, and therefore took twenty-five pipes

at a sitting, which had
him.

At the present day phy
ing tobacco in conjunction
for poultices, the weed hav
ing effect on inflammation, as the writer of this book can testify from his own experience. Several cases are reported of persons being cured of poisoning by arsenic after having swallowed a quantity of tobacco juice.

The Indians of the forests of the Orinoco smoke tobacco, not only to produce an afternoon nap, but also to induce a state of quiescence, which they call dreaming with the eyes open.

Commodore Wilkes, in his "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition," tells a tough yarn of how the tobacco habit once saved a man's life. He says a Feejee islander told him how he and his fellow-cannibals had captured a crew from a ship that had been driven on the coast. "What did you do with the men?" the Commodore inquired. "We eat 'em—they good," said the Feejee, grinning. The Commodore felt a qualm, as he inquired, faintly, "Did you eat them all?" "Yes, we eat all but one." "And why did you spare that one?" asked Wilkes. "Because he taste too much like tobacco; couldn't eat him nohow."

In the early days there were various severe edicts issued against the use of

pes, Urban VIII. and
lminated against it the
Church; the priests and
key declared smoking a
crime, the sultan decreeing its punishment by the most cruel kinds of death; the pipes of smokers were thrust through their noses in Turkey, and in Russia, in the seventeenth century, the noses of smokers were cut off. In the Swiss canton of Berne smoking ranked in the table of offences next to adultery. James I. of England issued his famous counterblast against the weed. He called it the "lively image and pattern of hell, because it was a smoke." His unwarrantable persecution of the tobacco plant led him to raise the importation duty from twopence per pound to the monstrous sum of 6*s.* 10*d.*

Smoking had become so common in England in 1621 that one member of the House of Commons wanted tobacco banished out of the kingdom. He had been very much shocked to see ploughmen smoke as they were at their plough! Smoking was formerly forbidden among schoolmasters. In the rules of a school at Chigwell, founded in 1629, it was declared that the master "must be a man of sound religion, neither Papist nor Puritan, of a grave behavior, and sober and honest conversation, no tippler or haunter of ale-houses, and no puffer of tobacco."

It was not at first allowed to be smoked

in ale-houses. Says an
an innkeeper: "You
willingly suffer to be u
taken, any tobacco wit
cellar, or other place, there unto belonging."

But the people knew what they wanted, and puffed smoke into the faces of their critics. Many a good sermon was preached by the weed. Here is one:

"This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shews thy decay,
All flesh is hay,
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

"The pipe so lily white and weak,
Doth thus thy mortal state bespeak,
Thou art e'en such,
Gone with a touch!
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

"And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then dost thou see the vanity
Of worldly stuff
Gone with a puff!
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

"And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think of thy soul begrimed with sin,
For then the fire
It does require!
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

"And seest thou the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say
That to the dust
Return thou must!
Thus think, and smoke tobacco."

I.

THE HOTTENTOTS, THE AFRICA AND CURIOUS OVER THE WORLD—A GREENLANDER ENJOYS A SWALLOW OF NICOTINE—MORAL PHILOSOPHERS, FAMOUS POETS, AND GREAT LEADERS OF MEN HAVE BEEN LOVERS OF THE WEED—A CHRONOLOGY OF TOBACCO FROM ITS DISCOVERY TO THE PRESENT TIME—HOW SMOKE COULD BE MADE TO AFFECT LEGISLATION—FAMOUS FRENCH SMOKERS—SMOKING AMONG WOMEN.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century tobacco penetrated by the Bosphorus to Ispahan and even to India. No one knows who first carried it to the true believers, but it is certain that the Mussulmans found in its fervent practice a foretaste of the delights promised by the prophet to every good servitor of Islam, and that tobacco mingled its aromas in all the Oriental pleasures. But the Mohammedans were more severe than the Christians against the crime of smoking. Amurat IV. even condemned smokers to death. In Persia the most rigorous penalties were decreed against all those who did not abominate the forbidden plant. All these persecutions did not prevent the Orientals from becoming as enthusiastic over the weed as were the Europeans. In fact, the passion of the

Orientals for tobacco is beyond all expression. Its use, like that of perfumes, is universal. In all classes men, women and children smoke without distinction, not only after meals, but at all hours. The poorest person in that happy country always finds tobacco enough to fill his pipe and indulge in a *kief*. Without being lazy, the Turk does not like to hurry. "Haste comes from the devil and patience from God," he says.

In Persia tobacco grows easily and almost everywhere. It is a real dead leaf when it is dried, and is not so strong as ours. But the Persians prefer it so that they can smoke it all day long. For this purpose they crumble the tobacco very fine and wet it a little in order not to have it burn too quickly. The excessive use of this plant dries up the Persians and weakens them. They admit this fact, but when asked why they do not quit the habit, reply: "There is no joy for the heart except by tobacco."

There are three principal kinds of tobacco in the Orient, but the quality is variable. At Constantinople the dealers sell smoking tobacco cut very fine in long, silky bunches of blond color. *Iavach* is the name for the mild quality; *orta* designates the average strength; *tokan aklen* the sharp tasting, and *sert* the very strong. The Levant tobacco is the most sought after, it being very mild. It is of a yellowish green

color, breaks easily, and burns to the end with white ashes. There is also a Levant tobacco called *karasson*, or black tobacco, which is perfumed, but very strong. The mildest kind is the *sultanieh*. The *tombaki*, a tobacco cultivated in the south of Persia, and especially at Schiraz, is rather a sort of illusive preparation than tobacco properly called. It is composed of tobacco, pieces of sandalwood or aloes wood, rose leaves, haschisch, and opium. In the bazaar at Teheran, the alley where the tobacco dealers congregate is impregnated with the strong aroma that escapes from the goatskin sacks containing the tombaki, so strong that it can be inhaled only after being softened in water mixed with essence of roses.

Tobacco is to-day one of the principal products of Hindoostan, where it was introduced by the Europeans somewhere between 1555 and 1627. A great quantity is consumed in India, and very good quality is grown in several provinces, particularly in Guzerat, where the *zerd*, as it is called on account of its yellow color, is highly appreciated. The leaf is small, and has a balsamic perfume and a gentle taste, while its smoke spreads an agreeable violet perfume. The Hindoos mix sugar, nutmegs, and bananas with their tobacco; they pound these materials in a mortar and add thereto rose water. This is the tobacco that they smoke in their pipes. A very

high quality of the plant is also cultivated in Malwah.

The Negritos, in Luzon (one of the Philippines), scarcely ever stop smoking cigars, putting the lighted end in their mouths. The Hottentots barter their wives for tobacco, and when they cannot obtain it, fill their pipes with a substitute of dried dirt. In the snowy regions of the Himalaya, tiny smoking tunnels are made in the frozen snow, at one end of which is placed some tobacco, along with a piece of burning charcoal, while to the other end the mountaineers place their mouths, and lying on their stomachs, inhale the smoke of the glowing weed. The Patagonian lights a pipe, throws himself down with his face toward the ground, and swallows several mouthfuls of smoke in a manner which produces a kind of intoxication lasting for several minutes. The inhabitants of the Cook peninsula, in Australia, are passionate smokers. Their pipe—a bamboo three and a half feet long and four inches in diameter—passes round the company after one of the persons present has filled it with smoke from a tube. The Wadschidschi, dwelling by the banks of the Tanganyika Lake, neither chew nor snuff nor smoke their tobacco, but carrying it in a small vessel, the savage pours water upon it, and presses out the juice, with which he contrives to fill both nostrils, keeping it there by means of wooden pegs. The Kaffirs,

who cannot get snuff as fine and as pungent as they wish, rub the already prepared mass between stones, and mix it with a kind of pepper and some ashes. The blacks in Dschesire mix their tobacco with water and natron, so as to form a kind of pap which they call bucka. They take a mouthful and roll it about for a time with their tongue. There are regular bucka parties given. In Paraguay it is chiefly the women who chew ; and travellers have often described their emotions when on entering a house, a lady dressed in satin, and adorned with precious stones, comes toward them, and, before holding out her mouth to be kissed, as the usual welcome, pulls the beloved tobacco quid from her cheek pouch. Some South American tribes eat the tobacco cut into small pieces. Finally, there is a traveller's story told of certain Esquimaux tribes that, if true, is not a little remarkable. When a stranger arrives in Greenland, it is said that he finds himself immediately surrounded by a multitude of natives, who ask his permission to drink the oil which remains in the stem of his pipe. And it is stated that the Greenlanders smoke for no other purpose than to enjoy afterward the swallowing of that acrid and poisonous matter which is so disagreeable to us.

In Nicaragua, the dress of the urchins, from twelve or fourteen downward, consists generally of a straw hat and a cigar,

a costume which is airy, picturesque and cheap.

The following table will show, at a glance, some of the most remarkable events in the history of the weed ·

CHRONOLOGY OF TOBACCO.

A.D.

1496. Romanus Paine published the first account of tobacco, under the name *Cohoba.*

1519. Tobacco discovered by the Spaniards near Tabasco.

1535. Negroes cultivated it on the plantations of their masters.

1535. It was used at this time in Canada.

1559. Tobacco introduced into Europe.

1570. Tobacco smoked in Holland out of tubes of palm-leaves.

1585. Clay pipes noticed by the English in Virginia.

1585. First clay pipes made in Europe.

1599. Tobacco prohibited in Persian Empire.

1601. Tobacco introduced into Java. Smoking commenced in Egypt about this time.

1604. James I. laid heavy imports on tobacco.

1615. Tobacco first grown in Holland.

1616. The colonists cultivated tobacco in Virginia.

1619. James I. wrote his " Counterblast."
1620. Ninety young women sent from England to America, and sold to the planters for tobacco at 120 pounds each.
1624. The Pope excommunicated all who should take snuff in church.
1634. A tribunal formed at Moscow to punish smoking.
1653. Smoking commenced in Switzerland.
1669. Adultery and fornication punished in Virginia by a fine of 500 to 1000 pounds of tobacco.
1689. Tubes containing pieces of sponge invented for smoking tobacco.
1691. Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who used tobacco in St. Peter's Church at Rome.
1724. Pope Benedict XIV. revoked Pope Innocent's bull of excommunication.
1732. Tobacco made a legal tender in Maryland at one penny per pound.
1789. King of France derived an income of $7,500,000 from tobacco.
1789. Exports of tobacco from the United States, 90,000,000 pounds.
1828. Tobacco revenue in the State of Maryland, $27,000.
1830. Revenue from tobacco and snuff in Great Britain, $12,000,000.
1834. Value of tobacco used in the United States estimated at $15,000,000.
1889. Value of tobacco product in the United States, $43,666,665.

Among the famous men who have drawn inspiration and consolation from the pipe were Milton, who had his pipe and a glass of water just before he retired for the night. Philosophers have drawn their best similes from their pipes. How could they have done so, had their pipes first been drawn from them? We see the smoke go upward —we think of life; we see the smoke-wreath fade away—we remember the morning cloud. Our pipe breaks—we mourn the fragility of earthly pleasures. We smoke it to an end, and tapping out the ashes remember that "Dust we are, and unto dust we shall return." If we are in love, we garnish a whole sonnet with images drawn from smoking, and first fill our pipe, and then tune it. That spark kindles like her eye, is ruddy as her lips; this slender clay, as white as her hand, and slim as her waist; till her raven hair grows gray as these ashes, I will love her. This perfume is not sweeter than her breath, though sweeter than all else. The odor ascends into the brain, fills it full of all fiery, delectable shapes, which delivered over to the tongue become delectable wit.

Paley, the moral philosopher, was an excellent companion. On a cold winter's night he would stir the fire and fill a long Dutch pipe. He formally declined any punch, but nevertheless drank it up as fast as his glass was replenished; in fact, he would smoke any given quantity of tobac-

co, and drink any given quantity of punch. Dr. Parr's particular fondness for smoking was so well known that wherever he dined, he was always indulged with a pipe. Even George IV. provided him with a smoking-room, saying, "I don't like to be smoked myself, doctor, but I am anxious that your pipe shall not be put out." When a certain lady absolutely refused him permission to smoke in her parlors he was very wroth, but contented himself with calling her "the greatest tobacco-stopper in all England."

Blücher, the famous military leader, had a servant or pipe-master named Hennemann. At the battle of Waterloo the pipe-master had just handed a pipe to his master when a cannon-ball caused Blücher's horse to spring aside and the pipe was broken before the old hero had a chance to take a single puff. "Fill another pipe for me," said Blücher, "and keep it lighted until I come back in a moment, after driving away the French rascals." The chase lasted not only a moment, but a whole hot day; then Blücher met Wellington, who asked him about his previous position. Blücher went to the spot where he had halted in the morning. There stood a man with his head bound up and his arm wrapped in a handkerchief. He was smoking a long and dazzlingly white clay pipe. "Good God," exclaimed Blücher, "that is my servant, Christian Hennemann. What a strange

look you have, man! What are you doing here?" "Have you come at last?" answered Christian, in a grumbling tone; "here I have stood the whole day, waiting for you. One pipe after another has been shot away from my mouth by the accursed French. Once even a blue bean [bullet] made sad work with my head, and my fist has got a deuce of a smashing. That is the last whole pipe, and it is a good thing that the firing has stopped; otherwise the French would have knocked this pipe to pieces, and you must have stood here with a dry mouth."

An art critic has observed that the difference between two great French painters, Decamps and Horace Vernet, was due to their habits as users of tobacco. The French Murillo, the wonderful colorist, Decamps, smoked a pipe; Vernet toyed with the cigarette.

A lady expressed surprise at seeing Guizot smoking. "What!" she exclaimed, "you smoke, and yet have arrived at so great an age?" "Ah! madame," replied the venerable statesman, "if I had not smoked, I should have been dead ten years ago."

Victor Hugo was a veteran smoker. Buckle, the great historian of civilization, found it so imperious a necessity to have his three cigars every day, that he said he could neither read, write, nor talk if compelled to forego, or even to miss the usual hour for indulging in them. A traveller,

who once met him in the East, found him smoking Latakia out of a large red-clay pipe with an extremely long cherry stalk, and drinking coffee, *a la turque*, with evident satisfaction.

It is significantly stated that Richard Fletcher, a courtly Bishop of London (1596), by the use of tobacco, "smothered the cares he took by means of his unlucky marriage."

Raleigh smoked in his dungeon in the Tower, while the headsman was grinding his axe. Cromwell loved his pipe and dictated his despatches to Milton over sweet-smelling nicotine. Robert Hall smoked in his vestry.

Carlyle has said that tobacco smoke is good, because it allows men to sit silent together without embarrassment. When a man has said what he has got to say he can hold his peace and take to his pipe. He says that such a practice could be wisely introduced into Parliaments, where there should be a minimum of speech and the soothing and clarifying influence of tobacco smoke.

This idea seems to have been previously acted upon by Frederick William I., King of Prussia, who founded the Tabaks-Collegium, which was a sort of smoking Parliament, where grave political discussions were carried on by the members as they puffed at their clay pipes. This smoking room was supplied with plenty of pipes and

tobacco, and refreshments, consisting of beer, cold bread and beef.

If a certain anecdote is true, tobacco seems to have had its influence on the speech of the great Carlyle himself. There is a legend to the effect that on the one evening passed at Craigenputtock by Emerson, in 1833, Carlyle gave him a pipe, and, taking one himself, the two sat silent till midnight, and then parted, shaking hands, with congratulations on the profitable and pleasant evening they had enjoyed.

Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, is a great smoker, and does not affect Havana in any of its various forms. His joy is in a pipe of genuine Virginia tobacco. He prefers a pipe, the common clay pipe being his choice. He has a great many kinds of pipes, mostly presents from admirers and friends. When smoking with his friends, in his den, which is at the top of the house, he sits with a box full of clay pipes at his feet. Filling one of these, he smokes until it is empty, breaks it in twain, and throws the fragments into another box prepared for their reception. Then he pulls another pipe from its straw or wooden enclosure, fills it, lights it, and destroys it as before. He will not smoke a pipe a second time. James Payn smokes constantly, using a pipe and Latakia tobacco. The doctors once told him that the use of such tobacco would kill the strongest man in the world,

but he has been smoking it for a quarter of a century with impunity.

Among French authors Zola has said that he does not believe the intelligence and creative strength of man are injured by smoking. François Coppée smokes cigarettes all day, but throws each one away after a few puffs. H. Taine smokes cigarettes, considering the habit a pastime in moments of thoughtlessness and intellectual waiting. Andrew Theniret once said that he was not a member of the French anti-tobacco league because he was passionately fond of smoking. This was in answer to a question from the league concerning the effects of smoking on the mind and body. "Two years ago," he wrote in reply, "your president asked me to write a story about the acute sufferings of the young smoker. I did it. After publishing the story I received a silver medal from your league. That is all I ever had to do with the enemies of tobacco."

The daughters of Louis XIV. of France imitated some English ladies of the period, and indulged in a pipe. They were in the habit of indulging in a sort of orgie in their own apartments after supper, and one evening were found in the act of drinking brandy and smoking pipes, which they had borrowed from the officers of the Swiss Guard. The present Empress of Austria, having little taste for reading, loves, when at home, to loll back in an easy-chair or

lie on a sofa and puff cigarettes. She hates brilliant assemblies, and loves to talk with a congenial companion on equestrian subjects, being very fond of horses.

About the year 1700 "Tom Brown," an anonymous wit of the day, wrote this peculiar letter to an imaginary ancient dame who smoked tobacco: "Though the ill-natured world censures you for smoking, yet would I advise you, madam, not to part with so innocent a diversion. In the first place, it is healthful; and, as Galen rightly observes, is a sovereign remedy for the toothache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. Secondly, tobacco, though it be a heathenish word, is a great help to Christian meditations, which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it your parsons, the generality of whom can no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths, than a Concordance in their hands; besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I knew a dissenting minister who, on fast days, used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that all flesh was grass; but I am sure much more is to be learnt from tobacco. It may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world, vanish like a vapor. Thirdly, it is a pretty plaything. Fourthly, and lastly, it is fashionable—at least, 'tis in a fair way of becoming so."

When snuff came into use it found favor with the fair sex. One English dame had for her maxim:

> "She that with pure tobacco will not prime
> Her nose, can be no lady of the time."

In Havana a small and very fine kind of cigars are made for the use of ladies, and are called "Queens." Women there smoke as freely as men, and in a full railroad car, every person, man, woman, and child, may be seen smoking. To put up a sign, "No smoking," and enforce the rule would ruin the road.

At Manilla about 12,000 women are employed in the cigar manufactories. Paper cigarettes are chiefly smoked by the men; the women prefer the largest cigars they can get. The women of Johore are often seen seated together weaving mats, and each with a cigar in her mouth.

The wife of General Jackson, seventh President of the United States, was an exemplary woman in all the relations of life, but, in the homely fashion of the time, she used to join her husband and guests in smoking a pipe after dinner and in the evening.

The enemies of the weed say that tobacco is a poison because animals will not use it. A Berlin professor, an artist, however, who has lately experimented in the Zoological Gardens, declares that common brown bears are genuine enthusiasts for tobacco.

"When I puff my cigar smoke into their cage," he remarks, "they rush to the front, rubbing their noses and backs against the bars through which the smoke has penetrated." The professor, with some temerity, once experimented on the lion. The creature was asleep, and this was the moment selected for puffing a volume of tobacco smoke in his face. Did he at once wake up with a savage growl, lash his tail, and, springing at the bars, shake the massive iron? Not at all. He awoke and "stood on his legs," which seems a natural enough attitude to adopt, and "sneezed powerfully." Then he quietly laid down on his side and "elevated his nose, as if asking for a second dose." It may be news to some naturalists to hear that goats, stags, and llamas all devour tobacco and cigars with remarkable satisfaction. It is certainly somewhat of a waste of the material to let a prime Havana be "bolted" in one gulp by an antelope; but the professor was actuated by a praiseworthy desire to discover scientific facts, and also by a wish to get on good terms with creatures whom it was his business to sketch. "I made a personal friend," he writes, "of an exceedingly malicious guanaco, or wild llama, by simply feeding him again and again with tobacco.

"Brother Gray," said one clergyman to another, "is it possible you smoke tobacco? Pray give up the unseemly practice. It is

alike unclerical and uncleanly. Tobacco! Why, my dear brother, even a pig would not smoke so vile a weed." Brother Gray delivered a mild outpouring of tobacco fumes, and then as mildly said, "I suppose, Brother Curtis, you don't smoke?" "No, indeed," exclaimed his friend, with virtuous horror. Another puff or two, and then Brother Gray, who prefers the Socratic method of argument, rejoined, "Then, dear brother, which is more like the pig, you or I?"

III.

THE "FAIRY PIPES" OF IRELAND — QUEER PIPES USED BY THE RUSSIANS, GERMANS, FRENCH, CHINESE, JAPANESE, NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA, ETC. —HOW ENGLISH CHILDREN SMOKED ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL— "KEMBLE PIPES"—MUSICAL PIPES—THE PIPE-SMOKER IS A PHILOSOPHER—FAMOUS PIPE-SMOKERS.

Of the different kinds of pipes there were the "fairy pipes" of Ireland; they were small and did not hold quite as much tobacco as our modern meerschaums. The Irish peasantry believed them to have been of fairy-demon origin; when found they would be at once broken as a kind of retort to some mischievous trick which their supposed owners had played. Pipes were first regularly manufactured in England in 1619. The pipe became an object of much inventive ingenuity, and it varied as greatly in material as in form—wood, horn, bone, ivory, precious stone, valuable metals, amber, glass, porcelain, and, above all, clay being the materials employed in various forms. By degrees, pipes of special form and material came to be associated with particular people, so that now we have the elongated painted porcelain bowls and pendulous stem of the German peasantry, the red clay bowl and long cherry-wood stem of

the Turk, and the very small metallic bowl and cane stem of the Japanese.

The Dutch borrowed the art of pipe-making from the English in 1748. A Dutchman visiting England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was surprised to see the English "draw the smoke into their mouths (through pipes made of clay), which they puff out again through their nostrils, like funnels." During the reign of the Great Plague (1644 and 1666) there was a great deal of smoking to ward off the disease, and a large number of pipes have been discovered in and about London belonging to this era. Some of the early pipes were made of silver, but the ordinary sort were made from a walnut shell and a straw. Clay pipes soon became cheap and common and were passed from man to man round the table. The Dutch loved their mahogany pipes so much that they carried them in ornamented wooden cases, which were sometimes inlaid with brass, on which was engraved some proverb or scriptural motto. On the pipe-case of the famous Admiral Van Tromp was this inscription: "When a man has the right way taken, death has no fears for him."

The best French pipes are made of porcelain, and some are adorned with enamelled portraits and beautiful heads. Others are made of various kinds of earth, or earthy compounds, compressed in moulds by the potter, and afterwards cut in deeper

relief by hand. Some are made of rare kinds of wood and lined with clay, and others are fashioned in elegant shapes from masses of agate, amber, crystal, carnelian and ivory, as well as the various kinds of pure or mixed metals. The handsomest pipes of French manufacture are bought by foreigners, most Frenchmen contenting themselves with the ordinary pipe of soft porous clay. The pipe commonly in use among the Russians is made of wood, tipped with red copper, and lined with a thin sheet of tin, rudely nicked and turned over at the rim. The stem is of dogwood, and is tied to the pipe by a rough thong of leather, to which is affixed a pick, made of copper wire, to clear out the pipe when necessary.

The Germans long used a beautiful pipe, carved by the herdsmen and peasants of the Black Forest from the close-grained and gnarled root of the dwarf-oak. This wood is hard enough to resist the action of fire, becoming but slightly charred by years of use. The carvings represented boar hunts, encounters with wolves, jowling, and the exploits of robbers. The ordinary German pipe of porcelain consists of a double bowl, the upper one containing the tobacco, which fits into a spout or socket, and allows the oil to drain into the lower bowl, which is generally held in the hand of the smoker; the tube of wood, usually formed of cherry-tree,

is easily moved, by which it may be cleaned.

The pipe of the Egyptians is usually between four and five feet long: some pipes are shorter, and some are of greater length. The common kind are made of wood, and the greater part of the stick, from the mouthpiece to about three-quarters of its length, is covered with silk, confined at each end by gold thread, or by a tube of gilt silver. The covering was originally designed to be moistened with water, in order to cool the pipe, and consequently the smoke by evaporation. In smoking, the people of Egypt and other countries of the East, draw in their breath freely, so that much of the smoke descends into the lungs. The terms which they use to express "smoking tobacco" signify "drinking smoke," or "drinking tobacco."

The natives of South Africa ceremoniously smoke a *daghapipe*, made out of bullock's horn, and use a species of hemp instead of tobacco. Each individual receives the pipe in turn, opens his jaws to their full extent, and placing his lips to the wide mouth of the horn, takes a few pulls and passes it on.

The pipe used by the Chinese has a straight stem from three to five feet in length. To the stem of the pipe is sometimes attached tassels and silken pendent ornaments. The stem is usually made of bamboo. Both men and women smoke,

and pipe-sellers walk through the streets, plying their trade. One kind of Chinese pipe is made of brass and constructed on the principle of the *hookah*, with a large trumpet-shaped receptacle filled with water, and a cup for tobacco. The pipe is provided with a base to stand upon the table, and the smoke is drawn through water. Only a few whiffs are taken at a time, the tobacco used being cut into very fine shreds. Japanese pipes are often made of silver, inlaid with flowers and insects in enamelled copper. The central portion is formed of cane, for convenience of holding.

The most luxurious and elaborate form of pipe is the Persian kalydn, hookah, or water-tobacco pipe. This consists of three pieces, the head or bowl, the water-bottle or base, and the snake, or long flexible tube ending in the mouth. The tobacco, which must be previously prepared by steeping in water, is placed in the head and lighted with live charcoal, a wooden stem passes from the bottom down into the water which fills the base, and the tube is fitted to a stem which ends in the bottle above the water. Thus the smoke is cooled and washed before it reaches the smoker by passing through the water in the bottle and by being drawn through the coil of tube, frequently some yards in length. The bottles are, in many cases, made of carved and otherwise ornamented cocoa-nut shells, whence the apparatus

is called nargila, from nargil, a cocoa-nut. Silver, stone, damascened steel and precious stones are freely used in the making and decoration of these pipes for wealthy smokers.

We are so accustomed to hearing about the ill effects of smoking on the young that it seems strange to read that in England, in the seventeenth century, children going to school carried with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mothers took care to fill early in the morning. At a certain time in school every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco, thus getting them used to the weed from their youth as a practice absolutely necessary for a man's health.

What was once known as the Kemble pipe has a curious history. Those pipes derived their name from a poor Roman Catholic priest who was executed in 1679, he having been implicated in the plot of Titus Oates. While marching to the scaffold he smoked a pipe of tobacco. In memory of this, the people of Herefordshire to this day call the last pipe they take at a sitting, a Kemble pipe.

George Augustus Sala, some years ago in "Household Words," lamented the disappearance of the old church-warden pipe, or "yard of clay." He said there were a host of inventions for emitting the fumes of to-

bacco and that English gentlemen had got in the habit of smoking "black abominations, like Irish apple-women."

"Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper pressed;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses,
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
When again the crickets gay
(Little cricket, full of play),
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine,
Happy thrice and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men."

Tobacco-pipes have contributed to amuse non-smokers by being subservient to ingenious tricks. An English tavern-keeper amused his company with whistling of different tunes; he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes, and after having slid the small ends of them over a table in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. The virtuoso confessed ingenuously, that he broke such quantities of pipes that he almost broke himself, before he brought this piece of music to any tol-

erable perfection. Balancing tobacco-pipes was a novel feat introduced for London's amusement. In 1743 a fire-eater, in one of his advertisements, notes among his other performances, that he "licks with his naked tongue red-hot tobacco-pipes flaming with brimstone."

There seems to be a close connection between pipe-smoking and the philosophical habit. Captain Marryat says in "Jacob Faithful:" "It is no less strange than true that we can puff away our cares with tobacco, when, without it, they remain an oppressive burden to existence. There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. The savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils, and the laconic delivery of their sentiments."

And "Sam Slick, the Clock-maker," says: "The fact is, the moment a man takes to the pipe he becomes a philosopher. It's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this universal earth."

"Sweet smoking pipe; bright glowing stove,
Companion still of my retreat,
Thou dost my gloomy thoughts remove,
And pinge my brain with gentle heat.

"Tobacco, charmer of my mind,
When, like the meteor's transient gleam,
Thy substance, gone to air, I find
I think, alas! my life's the same.

"What else but lighted dust am I?
Thou show'st me what my fate will be;
And when thy sinking ashes die,
I learn that I must end like thee."

When Lord Brougham was in the zenith of his fame he was fond of smoking. He would smoke a pipe after his labors in the court room, another one after speaking in the House of Commons, and another before going to bed. Lord Clarendon, England's Foreign Secretary, always smoked when attending to his official business, and the Foreign Office, while he was there, was always pervaded with a strong aroma of cigars. His despatches were generally written between midnight and daybreak, and during this time a cigar or cigarette scarcely ever left his lips. He never felt at ease at a diplomatic conference until cigars were introduced, and this remark is attributed to him: "Diplomacy is entirely a question of the weed. I can always settle a quarrel if I know beforehand whether the plenipotentiary smokes Cavendish, Latakia or Shag. Tobacco is the key to diplomacy."

Sir Isaac Newton, the great natural philosopher, was a prince among smokers. Some modern reformers say that tobacco injures the teeth. Newton exposed this

fallacy, for he lived to a good old age and never lost but a single tooth. It is recorded of him that on one occasion, in a fit of mental abstraction, he used the finger of the lady he was courting as a tobacco stopper, as he sat and smoked in silence beside her! Professor Huxley, the modern philosopher, hated tobacco when a young man, but is now a lover of the weed. He says that smoking in moderation is a comfortable and laudable practice, and is productive of good. "There is no more harm," he says, "in a pipe, than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by drinking too much green tea, and kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part, I consider that tobacco, in moderation, is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper."

Charles Lamb confessed that he had been "a fierce smoker of tobacco." When he decided to give up smoking he compared himself to "a volcano burned out and emitting only now and then a casual puff." He called tobacco his "loving foe," his "friendly traitress," the "great plant," and attributed to it his chronic indisposition, which Carlyle says was really caused by his "insuperable proclivity to gin."

One day Lamb was puffing away at the strongest and coarsest preparation of the weed in company with Dr. Parr, who could only smoke the finest sorts of tobacco.

Parr asked Lamb how he had acquired such "prodigious power" as a smoker. "I toiled after it," replied the humorist, with his habitual stutter, "as some men t—t—toil after virtue." He once expressed a wish to John Forster that his last breath might be drawn through a pipe and exhaled in a pun. This reminds one of the French artist, Gavarni, who on his death-bed is reported to have said to a friend: "I leave you my wife and my pipe; take care of my pipe."

Charles Kingsley, when he was too excited to write any more on the book he had in hand, would calm himself down with a pipe. He always used a long and clean "church-warden" pipe, and these pipes used to be bought a barrelful at a time; when there was a vast accumulation of old pipes, enough to fill the barrel, they were sent back again to the kiln to be rebaked, and returned fresh and new. This gave the novelist a striking simile; in "Alton Locke" he puts these words into the mouth of James Crossthwaite: "Katie here believes in purgatory, where souls are burned clean again, like 'bacca pipe." Speaking of tobacco, another character in "Westward Ho" says: "The Indians always carry it with them on their war-parties; and no wonder, for when all things were made, none was made better than this, to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's

cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire, sir; while for stanching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven.

"All dainty meats I do despise,
Which feed men fat as swine;
He is a frugal man indeed,
That on a leaf can dine.

"He needs no napkin for his hands
His fingers' ends to wipe,
That keeps his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe."

Thackeray always began writing with a cigar in his mouth and was a real devotee of tobacco. A lady relates how, when a young man, he was in Paris studying to be a painter, he would dash into the room where she was sitting, and say, "Polly, lend me a franc for cigars." When dictating he would often light a cigar, and after pacing the room for a few minutes would put the unsmoked remnant on the mantelpiece, and resume his work with increased cheerfulness, as if he had gathered fresh inspiration from the gentle odors of "sublime tobacco." Dickens was a smoker, and we catch a glimpse of him smoking a farewell cigar with Thackeray at Boulogne. There they conversed about a certain titled lady, a singular character, who had made Dickens smoke with her some cigars made of negro-head, powerful enough, accord-

ing to his account, to "quell an elephant in six whiffs."

Clergymen have always been noted for their love of the weed. Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London in the time of Elizabeth, was the first Episcopal smoker in England. He was banished to Chelsea for marrying a second time and, as Camden says, "smothered his cares by the immoderate use of tobacco." He died suddenly, in his easy-chair, while smoking his pipe. The famous Bishop Burnet always smoked while he was writing; in order to perform both operations comfortably, he would have a hole through the broad brim of his large hat, and, putting the stem of his long pipe through it, puff and write, and write and puff, with learned gravity. Dean Aldrich, the Oxford professor, was such an inveterate smoker that a student once laid a wager that he would be found smoking at ten o'clock in the morning, an early hour for him. The student went to the Dean's study at the appointed hour and related the occasion of his visit, to which the Dean replied, in perfect good-humor: "You see you have lost your wager, for I'm not smoking, but filling my pipe."

He was quite musical and composed "Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells;" also, "A Smoking Catch, to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear."

Some years ago Mr. Spurgeon preached

a sermon from the text: "I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O Lord! I will keep Thy statutes. I cried unto Thee; save me, and I shall keep Thy testimonies." He spoke of the necessity of giving up sin and, at the conclusion of the discourse requested Rev. Mr. Pentecost, of Boston, who was present, to give the personal application of the sermon. Mr. Pentecost among other things spoke about the great struggle it had cost him to give up the use of tobacco. He said: "I liked exceedingly the best cigar that could be bought, but I felt that the Lord required me to give up smoking. So I took my cigar-box before the Lord and cried to Him for help." This help, he intimated, had been given, and the habit was renounced. Mr. Spurgeon, who is very fond of smoking himself, instantly rose at the conclusion of Mr. Pentecost's address, and, with a somewhat playful smile, observed that some men could do to the glory of God what in other men would be sin: "Notwithstanding what Brother Pentecost has said, I intend to smoke a good cigar to the glory of God before I go to bed to-night. If anybody can show me in the Bible the command, 'Thou shalt not smoke,' I am ready to keep it; but I haven't found it yet. Why, a man may think it is a sin to have his boots blacked. Well, then, let him give it up, and have them whitewashed. I am not ashamed of anything whatever that I do, and I don't

feel that smoking makes me ashamed, and therefore I mean to smoke to the glory of God." This manly utterance created considerable excitement in church circles, and Mr. Spurgeon wrote a letter to the "Daily Telegraph," in which he maintained his right to smoke. He said: "I will not own to sin when I am not conscious of it. There is growing up in society a Pharisaic system, which adds to the commands of God the precepts of men: to that system I will not yield for an hour. No Christian should do anything in which he cannot glorify God; and this may be done, according to Scripture, in eating, and drinking, and the common actions of life. When I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed, and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God and have blessed His name."

"When love grows cool, thy fire still warms me;
When friends are fled, thy presence charms me;
If thou art full, though purse be bare,
I smoke, and cast away all care!"

Smoking is a promoter of benevolence. The celebrated German philanthropist, Father Zeller, who was a great smoker himself, said: "When I call upon a man of distinction to ask a favor and I notice a pipe or a cigar-box on the mantel-piece, my hopes rise fifty per cent at once. I am almost sure of success." The use of the pipe he believed to be the emblem of a cheerful, liberal disposition of mind.

IV.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CIGAR—A POPULAR FORM OF THE WEED IN ALL PARTS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA—BISMARCK'S STORY OF CIGAR-SMOKING AT A DIPLOMATIC CONFERENCE—HOW THE SMOKER HAS A GREAT ADVANTAGE IN CONVERSATION—THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF CIGARS—CELEBRATED LOVERS OF THE WEED—HOW TO ENJOY A CIGAR—CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS OF CIGAR-SMOKERS.

The aborigines of America were the first to make tobacco into the rude form of a cigar. Columbus says that the natives rolled the tobacco into a tube or sort of small funnel, formed of the palm leaf, in which the dried leaves of the tobacco were placed; fire was applied to it and the smoke was inhaled. He speaks of this kind of smoking being much used afterwards by captains of ships trading to the West Indies, and says that they attributed to it the power of allaying hunger and thirst, exhilarating the spirits, and renovating the animal powers.

In the narrative of the second voyage of Columbus in 1494, we are informed that the natives reduced the tobacco to a powder, "which they take through a cane half a cubit long; one end of this they place in the nose and the other upon the powder, and so draw it up, which purges them very much." This seems to be the

first notice of snuff-taking; its effects upon the Indians seem to have been more violent and peculiar than upon Europeans since.

In 1699 a traveller, writing of the Indians, says that when the tobacco leaves are properly dried and cured, the natives, "laying two or three leaves upon one another, they roll up all together sideways, into a long roll, yet leaving a little hollow. Round this they roll other leaves one after another in the same manner, but close and hard, till the roll is as big as one's wrist, and two or three feet in length."

The cigar began to be in vogue among the Spaniards at the beginning of the seventeenth century. They smoked the leaf rolled simply or in a leaf of maize, according to the Indian fashion. Although highly appreciated in Spain, the cigar did not become acclimated in France much before 1830. At that period the princes used to distribute cigars among persons with whom they wished to be popular. Oftentimes the recipients of these royal favors detested tobacco, but felt obliged to smoke in order to be well at court. The republic of 1848 showed as much partiality for the pipe as for the cigar, while the second empire finished by vulgarizing the cigar. Certain high personalities of that time made a reputation for themselves as great smokers, and particularly as consumers of good cigars. The *panatellas* of

Count Jezersky, the *trabucos* of Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the *regalias* of Count Cossé, and the *londres* of Prince Serge Gralitzin were renowned.

Modern Spaniards are fond of cigar-smoking. In a Spanish book there is a funny picture of a ball-room scene in Spain, in which there is a fat Spanish countess performing a fandango while she smokes her cigar, of which she is reported to have consumed several during the evening.

The manufacture and use of cigars in Northern Europe only dates from the close of the last century. In 1796 the fashion began in Hamburg and soon spread. Scented cigars were at one time fashionable, and were perfumed with vanilla. German cigars are inferior to the American brand, and are very mild. In Austria and the Italian States their manufacture is a government monopoly.

In Burmah the smoking of cheroots with wrappers made of the leaves of the Then-net tree is very common. In making them, a little of the dried root, chopped fine, is added, and sometimes a small portion of sugar. A traveller says he has seen children two and three years of age, stark naked, tottering about with a lighted cigar in their mouth.

Smoking is a common social custom in Paraguay. Servants in a home bring in a brass vessel, containing a few coals of fire,

and a plate of cigars. Men, women and children smoke; in the office, the drawing-room, at the dinner-table, and even at balls and theatres. It is the same in Central America, where every gentleman carries in his pocket a silver case, with a long string of cotton, steel and flint, and one of the offices of gallantry is to strike a light; by doing it well he may kindle a flame in a lady's heart; at all events, to do it bunglingly would be ill-bred.

Sublime tobacco! which from East to West,
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar!

Bismarck, the Prussian statesman, tells how all the members of the military commission of the Diet at Frankfort took to smoking at their sittings. At first the president, Count Rechberg, was the only one who smoked, until one day Bismarck coolly asked him for a light and began smoking a cigar. The other delegates wrote to their respective governments for instructions, and the subject, being a grave matter, required six months for reflection. Meanwhile the Hanoverian representative smoked, so as to be even with Bismarck,

seeing which, others produced a cigar so as to be equal with him. The last two delegates to join the circle of smokers were not in the habit of using the weed. As wise diplomats, however, they could not allow their colleagues to blow clouds in their faces without blowing back. The honor of their respective countries was involved. "One of them," says Bismarck, "brought out an indefinable cigar—pale, yellow, thin, tapering and enormously long. He smoked it bravely, with all his might, and almost to the stump, thus giving a magnificent example of devotion to his country."

In 1871, at the time of one of the interviews between Prince Bismarck and Jules Favre, the Chancellor began by asking the French statesman if he would have a cigar. Jules Favre bowed, and replied that he never smoked. "You are wrong," rejoined Bismarck. "Whenever gentlemen begin a conversation that may sometimes lead to discussions and occasion violent language, it is much better to smoke while talking. As you smoke," he continued, lighting a fine Havana, "the cigar that you hold and handle and do not wish to let fall, paralyzes somewhat the physical movements. Morally, without depriving us in any way of our mental faculties, it lulls us slightly. The cigar is a diversion; the blue smoke which mounts spirally and that you follow with your eyes in

spite of yourself, renders you more conciliatory. You are happy, your sight is occupied, your hand is retained, and your sense of smell is satisfied. You are disposed to make mutual concessions. Well, our work as diplomatists is made of reciprocal and unceasing concessions. You, who do not smoke, have one advantage over me. You are more wide awake. But you have one disadvantage: you are more inclined to be hasty," he said with a sly smile.

Another famous statesman found the cigar useful in diplomacy. Mazzini, the Italian exile, was forewarned that his assassination had been planned, and that men had been dispatched to London for the purpose, but he made no attempt to exclude them from his house. One day the conspirators entered his room and found him listlessly smoking. "Take cigars, gentlemen," was his instant invitation. Chatting and hesitation on their part followed. "But you do not proceed to business, gentlemen," said Mazzini; "I believe your intention is to kill me." The astounded miscreants fell on their knees, and at length departed with the generous pardon accorded them, whilst a longer puff of smoke than usual was the only malediction sent after them.

Thackeray says that the man who smokes has a great advantage in conversation. "You may," he says, "stop talking

if you like, but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke; hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation, no straining for effect, sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner. The cigar harmonizes the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men."

How precious a cigar may be to a smoker is illustrated by an anecdote told by Bismarck himself, who says that at Königgrätz he had only one cigar in his pocket, which he carefully guarded as a miser does his treasure. He looked forward to the happy hour when he should enjoy it, after the battle. "But," he says, "I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets, and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay, I had still my treasured cigar. I lighted it for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

Earl Russell was once questioning Tennyson about his visit to Venice. After the poet had said he had seen the Bridge

of Sighs, the pictures and all the wonderful things in the city, the Earl was very much surprised to hear him say he didn't like Venice. "How! Indeed! Why not, Mr. Tennyson?" "They had no good cigars there, my lord; and I left the place in disgust."

The warmth of thy glow,
Well-lighted cigar,
Makes happy thoughts flow,
And drives sorrow afar.

The stronger the wind blows,
The brighter thou burnest!
The dreariest of life's woes,
Less gloomy thou turnest.

As I feel on my lip
Thy unselfish kiss,
Like thy flame-color'd tip,
All is rosy-hued bliss.

No longer does sorrow
Lay weight on my heart;
And all fears of the morrow
In joy-dreams depart.

Sweet cheerer of sadness!
Life's own happy star!
I greet thee with gladness,
My friendly cigar!

The claro is the mildest grade of cigar; Colorado claro is the next, then Colorado maduro, then Colorado medium, and maduro strongest. There are five degrees of strength, as marked on cigar boxes, in the ordinary course of trade. There are certain terms used to describe the shape of

a cigar: coqueta, the smallest; concha, medium; perfecto, large; Figaro, a shape between coqueta and concha. Invincible are the largest of all, though perfecto cigars are made that have as much tobacco in them. Some invincible cigars are seven inches long. The panatella is two-thirds as long as a lead-pencil, and of about the same diameter. The perfecto is fairly long, big-bellied and usually dark in color. Different manufacturers grade their cigars differently; the Colorado claro of some makers is as mild as the claro of other makers.

Speaking of mild cigars, it is said that Mazzini had canary birds flying free about his room, and that he always smoked while he wrote. Lord Montairy, in "Lothair," smoked cigars so mild and delicate in flavor that his wife never found him out. Mazzini surely must have had some Montairy cigars, for his canaries did not find him out, or object to him if they did!

The attempts made throughout the world to cultivate the Cuban plant have not given any satisfactory results; on the other hand, the demand for Havana cigars has increased enormously. As long as the fertile soil of Vuelta Abajo gave sufficiently abundant crops without manuring, the price of tobacco did not advance; but little by little the soil became exhausted, and the consumption steadily increasing, the planters used strong fertilizers, such as

guano and house refuse. The result of this intense cultivation has been satisfactory for the Cuban planters, but unfavorable for the smokers. It is certain that three-quarters of the cigars sold as Havanas do not contain any Vuelta Abajo tobacco, or at least only the remains of the bad leaves. Cigar-making has reached such a perfection in the United States that it is very difficult to distinguish the imported cigar from the domestic, except by trying it; and in many cases the most experienced smoker can scarcely tell the difference.

In Spain, the Seville manufactory has acquired a European reputation for the making of high-priced cigars, and produces an article equal in appearance to the finest Havana. In Belgium and at Hamburg and Frankfort, cigars are made of beet-root leaves steeped in a decoction of tobacco juice, and sold as pure Havanas. Germany, for that matter, excels in counterfeiting Havana cigars. The manufacturers there take a poor quality of Virginia or Rhine tobacco as a filling, and cover it with a magnificent wrapper. As soon as a vessel from Cuba is signalled off Hamburg or Bremen, thousands of these bogus Havanas, all packed in boxes, marked and ribboned, as though made at the Gem of the Antilles, are put on board. When the ship reaches her dock these cigars are entered at the Custom House as

coming from Havana. The cedar-wood, the paper, and even the little nails used in the manufacture of the boxes, are sent to Germany by the Cuban merchants.

To-day, as half a century ago, cigars are made by hand, for no one has yet been able to invent a machine that will roll a cigar with the same care as a woman's fingers. In France alone, more than 17,000 women are employed in the Government tobacco manufactories, and a good hand can roll from 100 to 150 choice cigars in ten hours. These women are not allowed to speak during working time, but when they leave the factory they make up for lost time. In the cheaper cigars, French and foreign tobaccos are always more or less mixed, the proportions being variously regulated. The ordinary one and two-cent cigars are made of French, Kentucky, Algerian or Hungarian leaves. All the cigars sold at ten cents and above are bought directly by the French Régie from the Havana manufacturers. These cigars are, upon their arrival, sent to the Government factory in the quarter known as Gros Caillou, where they are unpacked and examined to see if they have arrived in good condition. To make sure, three inspectors take a handful here and there and smoke them, not for themselves, but for the public. If the experts find that the cigars have lost any of their qualities of taste or flavor they reduce the price,

and if the change is too marked, the lot is shipped to some foreign country and sold at the best price attainable. Sometimes these damaged cigars are smuggled back to France and sold at high prices. And the flats who buy and smoke them with delight exclaim: "If the Régie would only furnish us such cigars!"

Very expensive cigars are bought by the aristocracy of Europe—princes and kings principally. The Czar of Russia smokes a dozen $1.50 cigars a day. In former times the best Havana tobacco leaves were reserved for cigars for the King of Spain, and one particularly large and fine kind of cigar was used especially by the priests; such being made from the picked leaves which were presented to the Church and manufactured by the monks themselves.

In a play written in the seventeenth century the hero says: "Look at me—follow me—smell me! The 'stunning cigar' I am smoking is one of a sample intended for the Captain-General of Cuba, and the King of Spain, and positively cost a shilling! Oh! I have some dearer at home. Yes, the expense is frightful, but who can smoke the monstrous rubbish of the shops?"

CONFESSION OF A CIGAR-SMOKER.

I owe to smoking, more or less,
Through life the whole of my success;
With my cigar, I'm sage and wise—
Without, I'm dull as cloudy skies.

When smoking all my ideas soar,
When not, they sink upon the floor.
The greatest men have all been smokers,
And so were all the greatest jokers.
Then ye, who'd bid adieu to care,
Come here and smoke it into air.

Richard Porson, the celebrated Greek scholar, was not only very fond of alcoholic stimulants, but consumed prodigious quantities of tobacco. On one of his orgies, which he would indulge in after weeks of unremitting labor, he emptied a half-pound canister of snuff, and in one night smoked a large bundle of cigars. "Previous to this exhibition," said the host who had entertained him, "I had always considered the powers of man limited."

Mr. Goodman, an Englishman well known in turf circles, in 1860, on a wager, smoked one pound of strong foreign regalias within twelve hours. The cigars ran eighty-six to the pound, so that the smoker consumed eight an hour. He commenced his task at 10 A. M. and finished at 7.20 o'clock P. M. In the course of nine hours and twenty minutes seventy-two cigars were fairly smoked out, the greatest number consumed being in the second hour, when the smoker disposed of no less than sixteen. At the seventy-second cigar, when fourteen only remained to be smoked, the backer of time gave in, finding that Mr. Goodman was sure to win. The smoker declared that he felt no unpleasantness during the task. The only

refreshment taken was a chop at two o'clock, and two-thirds of a pint of brandy in cold water at intervals during the smoking.

A regular smoker in Cuba will consume perhaps twenty or thirty cigars a day, but they are all fresh. What we call a fine old cigar, a Cuban would not smoke.

Girardin was a great smoker. Charles Dickens met him in Paris, and says that after dinner the Frenchman asked him if he would not step into another room and smoke a cigar. After entering the apartment, Girardin coolly opened a drawer, containing about 5000 inestimable cigars in prodigious bundles; just as the captain of the robbers in Ali Baba might have gone to the corner of the cave for bales of brocade.

Nearly all literary men have been friendly to tobacco. Jules Sandeau says that the cigar is one of the greatest triumphs of the old world over the new. It is an indispensable complement of all idle and elegant life, and the man who does not smoke cannot be regarded as perfect. He says that the cigar of to-day has taken the place of the little romances, coffee and verses of the seventeenth century. Spain, Turkey and Havana have yielded up to us the most precious treasures of their smoke-enwrapt dreamland. Speaking of the charming reveries that come to the cigar-smoker, he says: "Let me tell you, that if

you have never found yourself extended upon a divan with soft and downy cushions on some winter's evening before a clear and sparkling fire, enveloping the globe of your lamp or the white light of your wax candle with the smoke of a well-seasoned cigar, letting your thoughts ascend as uncertain and vaporous as the smoke floating around you, let me tell you, I repeat, that if you have never yet enjoyed this situation, you have still to be initiated into one of the sweetest of our terrestrial joys. The cigar deadens sorrow, distracts our enforced inactivity, renders idleness sweet and easy to us, and peoples our solitude with a thousand gracious images. Solitude without friend or cigar is indeed insupportable to those who suffer. It is through the fragrant weed that we drift into indolence, and become dreamy, contemplative, useless creatures. Thackeray called the cigar the greatest creature-comfort of his life—a kind campanion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship.

To enjoy a cigar, according to epicurean fashion, the end should be cut smoothly off by the clipper, the cigar should be blown through for the purpose of removing all the little particles of dust which cannot be avoided in manufacture; this prevents them from being inhaled into the throat and from producing coughing. The cigar should then be lighted—thor-

oughly lighted all over the surface of the end. Three or four puffs every minute will enable one to enjoy the smoke. The smoke should be kept in the mouth a short time in order to appreciate the flavor. Then it should be emitted slowly. In case one side of the cigar should burn and leave a ragged edge on the other side, a gentle blow through the cigar toward the lighted end will ignite the ragged side and it will burn regularly. If a cigar is smoked in this way, it is a pleasure.

A man's disposition is shown by the way he smokes a cigar. Tranquil men smoke a cigar without the ashes falling off. A nervous man taps with his little finger on the cigar, or the motions of his hand will cause the ashes to fall off. Some men smoke a cigar steadily and evenly, others make it ragged and light it several times in the course of a conversation.

If a man smokes his cigar only enough to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it out of his mouth to watch the curl of the smoke in the air, he may be set down as an easy-going man. The man who never releases his grip on the cigar is cool, calculating and exacting. The man who smokes and stops alternately is easily affected by circumstances. The man whose cigar goes out frequently is of a whole-souled disposition. The man who "monkeys" with his cigar is a sort of popinjay among men. The fop stands his ci-

gar on end, but the experienced smoker points it straight ahead or almost at right angles with his course. The question has often been raised among smokers as to when a cigar tastes best. This can only be decided by each smoker for himself; but nearly all lovers of the weed enjoy a smoke after eating a meal.

An epicure, prominent in one of the New York clubs, says that a cigar tastes best in the morning. The reason for this is, that the man at that time is fresh and invigorated. If a man smokes many cigars in a day, he cannot enjoy them all equally well. It is like taking too many cocktails before dinner; the man who does that cannot appreciate the best effects of a good cook or the delicate bouquet and flavor of a fine Burgundy.

Cigar-smokers have certain superstitions for which they cannot very well give reasons. Some do not believe that a man should smoke after breakfast or immediately before meals; others think that a cigar that has once gone out does not smoke so well as a cigar burned through steadily; that the last inch of a cigar is the best, and that the strength of a cigar is determined by the color of the wrapper. Smokers do not stop to consider that the wrapper forms but a small part of the bulk of a cigar, and that its strength or mildness is determined by the filler and not by the wrapper. There is a prejudice

in the minds of most smokers against smoking a cigar that has once gone out; but the fact that half an inch of a cigar has been smoked does not necessarily make the rest of it worthless.

A young man once consulted the famous Dr. Abernethy. After interrogating the patient upon his life and habits, Abernethy was puzzled to account for the state in which he found the sufferer; suddenly a thought struck him. "Do you expectorate, sir?" he enquired. The patient replied that since he smoked a good deal, spitting had become habitual to him. "Ah! that need not cause you to expectorate," mused the doctor. "Well, well," he resumed, "I'll just take time to think over your case; you can call on me to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, for a prescription." The following morning, Dr. Abernethy's patient punctually made his appearance. "I'm very sorry, sir, but I have a pressing engagement just now; if you'll step upstairs into my drawing-room and wait for half an hour, you'll find a box of Coloradoes to amuse yourself with." "Well, now, what do you think of my cigars?" said Abernethy, when, in the course of an hour, he came into the room in which his patient awaited him—a room, be it said, luxuriously furnished with every possible convenience except that of a spittoon. "I enjoyed the first so much that I could not help taking a second." "But where,

then," said the doctor, prying curiously under the table and inside the grate, "have you been spitting ?" "Good gracious, doctor, what can you be thinking of, to imagine that, in such a place, I should do otherwise than swallow my spittle !" "Pay me my fee," said the doctor, "and go, and remember ! never say that you cannot smoke without spitting. That is your sole complaint."

A cigar is good even after it ceases to be a cigar. It is is said that cigar ashes mingled with camphorated chalk make an excellent tooth-powder ; or ground with poppy-oil, will afford for the use of the painter a varied series of delicate grays. Old Isaac Ostade so utilized the ashes of his pipe ; but had he been aware of Havanas, he would have given us pictures even more pearly in tone than those which he has left for the astonishment and delight of mankind,

V.

How Pipes are Made—Curious Snuff-Boxes—Snuff-Taking in England, Spain, Italy, and France—Famous Lovers of Snuff—Rare Collections of Remarkable Snuff-Boxes—How to Take a Pinch of Snuff.

A curious old pipe-maker in New York, an Austrian by birth, boasts of having served a long apprenticeship at his trade, and says that he passed six examinations in his profession, in amber, meerschaum, rubber, ivory, wood and metals. He is an adept in carving, and has made an amber skull less than three quarters of an inch in height in which the bones and articulations are distinctly marked. The carving is so fine that a magnifying glass has to be used to see it in detail. Another is a holder, where a monk with a hollow head for cigarettes is laughing, but it requires a magnifying glass to see the lines of his mirth. Another design is a wine bowl in form of a skull, hollowed out for cigarettes. The most costly pipe represents a mermaid holding a sea shell close to her breast; her scaly tail is twined about a large branch of white coral, which becomes brown when the pipe is smoked.

When an order comes for a pipe the proprietor selects from his stock of meerschaum a piece from which it can be cut with as little loss as possible. Four-fifths

of the meerschaum is wasted, though the chips are often saved and made into imitation meerschaum pipes. The meerschaum is first cut on a circular saw into a piece a little larger than the pipe. If the cutting shows cracks or holes it is cast aside. Then it is soaked in water for fifteen minutes and cut the rough shape with a knife. Then a hole is drilled through it and it is turned, after which the stem is inserted. It is smoothed off when dry, boiled in wax, and polished, and is then ready for the market.

The amber is worked with a razor-like chisel and turning wheel. After being rounded it is held against the face of a roughened wheel until it is made to approximately the required size. Then a hole is bored through it. This is the process for the cheaper amber stems, which can be made in a quarter or half an hour; a stem for a costly pipe will take a day. It takes three days to make a good, plain meerschaum pipe, but a carved pipe may require several months. The dust and chips from the amber and meerschaum are saved; the amber dust is melted and made into amberine, and the meerschaum dust is made into a paste from which imitation meerschaum pipes are made.

Quaint forms are as common to snuff-boxes as to tobacco-pipes. One favorite in the last century was a lady's shoe, carved in wood and inlaid with threads of silver

to imitate ornamental stitches. Coffins were also hideously adapted to hold the fragrant "dust." A coiled snake, whose central folds form the lid, was a box for a naturalist; a book might serve for a student, and a boat for a sailor. All persons and all states may be "fitted" with a proper receptacle for the pungent dust they love so well, and of which the rhymester sings:

"What strange and wondrous virtue must there be,
And secret charm, O snuff, concealed in thee!
That bounteous Nature and inventive Art,
Bedecking thee, thus all their powers exert;
Their treasures and united skill bestow
To set thine honours in majestic show!
But oh! what witchcraft of a stronger kind,
Or cause too deep for human search to find,
Makes earth-born weeds imperial man enslave,
Not little souls, but e'en the wise and brave!"

Gillespie, an Englishman, who made a fortune out of making a snuff which bore his name, had this motto for the arms on his carriage:

"Who could have thought it
That noses had bought it?"

The Scotch were such large snuff-takers that the figure of a Highlander helping himself to a pinch was used as a sign by the snuff-shops. An old Highlander in urging a friend to visit him says:

"There'll be plenty of pipe, and a glorious supply
Of the good sneesh-te-bacht, and the fine cut and dry;

There we'll drink foggy Care to his gloomy abodes,
And we'll smoke, till we sit in the clouds, like the gods.

Snuff was first used medicinally, particularly for diseases of the head brought on by colds. Catherine de Medicis was the first so to use it in the court of France, about 1562. An old English doctor in 1610 recommended snuff; "being drawne up into the nostrels, cause sneesing, consuming and spending away grosse and slimie humors from the ventricles of the braine." Another method of using it was to make it into small suppositories, or pellets, and put them up into the nose. The Irish were remarkable snuff-takers. A writer in 1659 informs us: "The Irish are altogether for snuff tobacco to purge their brains."

During the early part of the seventeenth century taking a pinch of snuff was common in Spain, Italy and France. Pope Innocent XII., in 1690, excommunicated those who should take snuff or tobacco in St. Peter's at Rome. But the prelates and religious community were fond of it, in spite of the Pope and his ordinances, and a writer of those days says, "The Spanish priests will not scruple to place their snuff-boxes on the altar for their use."

At this time tobacco was reduced to a rough powder by pounding or grating. In America the tobacco was laid away in twisted rolls and taken out, as occasion re-

quired, for the purpose of being made into smoking tobacco, chewing tobacco, or snuff. When snuff was made a quantity was taken from the roll and laid in a room where a fire was kept. In a day or two it would be dry, and was rubbed on a grater, producing a genuine snuff. Sometimes it was scented by the use of odoriferous waters.

The outfit of a fashionable snuff-taker at this period was quite costly, and the tobacco-grater, formed of ivory, was richly carved with a variety of scroll ornament enclosing fanciful scenes of various kinds. The snuff-grating machine was very much like the ordinary grater used to grate nutmegs. Some manufacturers pounded the leaves in a mortar, the pestle being of peculiar form to allow the more perfect mixing of the scents so commonly used.

Scented snuff gave a chance for a gallant to pay a compliment:

> "Dear Jenny, if this snuff should want
> Such odours as your breath bestows,
> Your touch will give 't a sweeter scent
> Than quintessence of fragrant rose."

When Dryden frequented Will's coffee-house it became a great resort of the wits of his time. A newspaper writer of that period says that "a parcel of raw, second-rate beaux and wits were conceited if they had but the honor to dip a finger and thumb into Mr. Dryden's snuff-box."

Frederick the Great loved it so well that he carried it in capacious pockets made in his waistcoat, that he might have as little trouble as possible in getting at it. Dr. Johnson was probably a snuff-taker of this kind. George II. and Napoleon carried snuff in a similar way. Many of the sovereign pontiffs of the Roman Catholic Church have been confirmed snuff-takers.

So common was the practice in France in 1774 that persons distributed boxes of snuff to passengers as they crossed the bridge in Paris. This was a scheme to introduce it into general use. At this period, an old French writer asserts, there was no person in France, of whatever age, rank, or sex, that did not take snuff.

In an English satire, written in 1710, the hero's snuff-box is described as being filled with a snuff called Orangery: "After dinner the ladies, all impatient for the first pinch, put in their fingers almost all at once; the gentlemen with some respect after."

Addison, in his *Spectator*, put this pertinent inquiry to the beaux of this period: "Would it not employ a beau prettily, if, instead of playing eternally with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one?"

"Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys.
Which my nose knows?

O nose ! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows ;
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows."

Snuff graters went out of use long ago, and are now to be found only in museums or private collections. However, as late as 1820 there were in France official snuff graters, men who travelled from chateau to chateau, and from parsonage to parsonage to pulverize the tobacco of the priest or the dowager. The graters were made of wood, ivory, brass, iron, etc., and often carved on one side in the most elaborate manner ; on the other side were the little holes through which the powder fell as the roll of tobacco was rubbed over them. Besides the simple graters there were others, called *grivoises*, surmounted by snuff-boxes. Until the end of the eighteenth century these snuff graters were used exclusively by the upper and richer classes. The common people, who could not afford the luxury of a grater, or even buy their tobacco by the pound, were obliged to content themselves with the snuff sold at the street corners, which was often adulterated with powdered glass " to make it more stimulating."

According to all probability, snuff was introduced into the Orient in the seventeenth century. In China the snuff-takers are less numerous than the smokers. " Smoke for the nose," as the Celestials

call snuff, is but little used except among the Mantchoo Tartars and Mongolians, and only by the lettered class and the mandarins. The best snuff, called *piyinn*, is made at Canton, and is rare. Ordinary snuff is sent from Portugal and Spain to Macao. The Chinese preserve their snuff in little bottles of crystal, porcelain, or of precious stones, and wear them fixed to their belts. Attached to the stopple by a little chain is a small spatula in ivory or silver, which they use for taking the snuff out of the bottle. Then they place the snuff on the back of their left hand, near the last thumb joint, and inhale it slowly, with a sort of amorous pleasure. The Japanese take their snuff in the same way. A like usage exists in India. In that country the snuff-boxes are made with gourds, cocoanuts, and buffalo horns. In Van Diemen's Land the inhabitants use iron wood, Huron pines, musk wood, whales' teeth, etc. Among the Turks there are many snuff-takers, and the habit is also prevalent with the Afghanistans.

Tobacco reached the height of its honors at the time of the appearance of snuff-boxes. From the court of France and the nobility they passed into the hands of everybody during the second half of the eighteenth century. They were of all shapes and kinds, from the commonest wood to the most costly materials. The eighteenth century was, indeed, the cen-

tury of the snuff-box ; not a single nose of grand seignior, peasant, marquis, or ballet girl escaped its domination. At first the portraits on the snuff-boxes were placed on the inside of the cover, and at the end of a few days the painting turned yellow and became almost effaced. An idea of mystery was evidently the cause of this custom. The grand seigniors used to wear their snuff-boxes as jewels, and in their houses they displayed them in glass cases and on the mantels. Naturally, these boxes soon got to be the fashionable present, and were offered for all sorts of reasons. Marie Antoinette received fifty-two golden ones at her marriage.

During the revolutionary period, and down to 1830, the snuff-box became a political instrument, and was used as a sign of recognition among the conspirators of the different parties. There were snuff-boxes called the "Bastille," the "Mirabeau," the "Bonnet Phrygien," the "Martyr of Liberty," the "Rat Tail," "Madame Angot," etc. One of the most precious ones existing was given to Danton at the time of his marriage by Camille Desmoulins ; it now belongs to M. Spuller, the ex-Minister. From the Consulate, down to the time of the death of Napoleon I., the snuff-boxes reproduced his features, those of his family, his Generals, and the illustrious men of his time. The Emperor made presents of valuable snuff-boxes en-

riched with diamonds, while those that he carried were simple, narrow, oval boxes in black shell, lined with gold and ornamented with cameos or antique medallions in silver. One of the rarest snuff-boxes of that period is that given by Pope Pius VII. to Napoleon at the time of his coronation. The little cocked hat that the Emperor wore also gave its shape to one of the most popular of snuff-boxes, but it was proscribed during the Restoration. After 1830 the round box with the cover ornamented with portraits or emblems disappeared and was replaced by the large flat boxes and hinged cover. This shape, made of all sorts of material and more or less ornamented, is still used.

As for the collections of snuff-boxes, they are numerous. The Prince de Conti, who died in 1776, left 800. Frederick the Great is said to have had even more than this number; snuff-boxes were his greatest hobby. The Duke of Richelieu had one for each day in the year. The Regent's collection was also celebrated; it remained in the Orleans family until 1848, when it was sold at auction. The Princesse de Tallard, governess of Louis XV.'s children—the legitimate ones—possessed a remarkable collection. The Fermier-General Pinon, Vigée, the poet; Lablache, the singer, and the Prince Demidoff were celebrated collectors. Of a more recent date, two collections are

worthy of mention : the one left by Mme. Lenoir to the Louvre, in 1874, consisting of 204 boxes in gold, ornamented with paintings, enamels, and precious stones ; the other belonging to M. Alphonse Maze-Sencier, contains a series of all shapes, from the eighteenth century to the end of the Second Empire, and forms the most complete history that exists upon the subject.

Talleyrand was a snuff-taker, not from devotion to the habit, but on principle. The wily politician used to say (and doubtless Metternich, who was a confirmed snuff-taker, would have agreed with him) that all diplomatists ought to take snuff, as it afforded a pretext for delaying a reply with which one might not be ready ; it sanctioned the removal of one's eyes from those of the questioner ; occupied one's hands which might else convict one of nervous fidget ; and the action partly concealed that feature which is least easily schooled into hiding or belying human feelings—the mouth. If its workings were visible through the fingers, those twitches might be attributed to the agreeable irritation going on above.

No other article of *vertu* has been more extensively patronized by the crowned heads of Europe, for purposes of presentation, diplomatic or otherwise, than the snuff-box. In evidence of its importance as a means of keeping up friendly relations with foreign powers, we need only

quote, from the account of sums expended at the coronation of George IV., the following entry: Messrs. Randell & Bridge, for snuff-boxes to foreign ministers, £8205 15*s* 5*d*.

Gibbon, the historian of Rome, was a confirmed snuff-taker, and in one of his letters has left this account of his mode of using it: "I drew my snuff-box, rapp'd it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forward, and my forefinger stretched out." In the *silhouette* portrait he is represented as indulging in this habit, and looking, as Colman expresses it, "like an erect, black tadpole, taking snuff."

The successful strategist Count Moltke is an inveterate snuff-taker. In the grand three weeks' campaign which culminated in that Prussian "Waterloo," the battle of Sedan, his plans were assisted by a pound of snuff. Throughout the Prussian advance, amid its tremendous anxieties, the General took snuff to excess, but at the supreme moment when the Uhlans announced to him the march northward of Marshal MacMahon, Moltke literally emptied his snuff-box as he entered his tent to organize the movement which resulted in the capture of Napoleon III. on the Belgian frontier. And strange to tell, adds Mr. Steinmetz, Moltke was actually required, by the German War-Office, to pay for that memorable pound of snuff at the

end of the war, when there was presented to him the bill (duly signed and countersigned by various officials), which ran, "For one pound of snuff supplied to General Von Moltke, one thaler!"

As already stated, Frederick the Great took large quantities of snuff. To save himself the trouble of extracting it from his pocket, he had large snuff-boxes placed on each mantel-piece in his apartments, and from these would help himself as the fancy took him. One day he saw, from his study, one of his pages, believing himself unobserved, put his fingers unceremoniously into the open box on the adjoining mantel-piece. The King said nothing at the moment, but after the lapse of an hour he called the page, made him bring the snuff-box, and bidding the indiscreet youth take a pinch from it, said to him, "What do you think of the snuff?" "Excellent, sire." "And the box?" "Superb, sire." "Oh, well, sir, take it, for I think it is too small for both of us!"

The cynical temper of Frederick the Great is well known. He once made a present of a gold snuff-box to the brave Count Schwerin. Inside the lid the head of an ass had been painted. Next day, when dining with the King, Schwerin ostentatiously displayed his snuff-box. The King's sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, who happened to be staying at Potsdam, took it up and opened it. Immediately she

exclaimed, "What a striking likeness! In truth, brother, this is one of the best portraits I have ever seen of you." Frederick, much embarrassed, thought that the Duchess was carrying the joke too far. She, however, passed the box to her neighbor, who gave vent to similar expressions of astonished admiration. The box made the round of the table, and every tongue waxed eloquent upon the subject of this "counterfeit presentment." The King was extremely puzzled, but when the box at length reached his own hands, he saw, to his great surprise and greater relief, that his portrait was indeed really there. The wily Count had simply employed an artist to remove with exceeding despatch the ass's head, and substitute for it the King's well-known features. His Majesty could not but laugh at the clever device which had so completely turned the tables on him.

Robert Burns was never happier than when he could "pass a winter evening under some venerable roof and smoke a pipe of tobacco or drink water gruel." He also took it in snuff. Mr. Bacon, who kept a celebrated posting-house north of Dumfries, was his almost inseparable associate. Many a merry night did they spend together over their cups of foaming ale or bowls of whiskey-toddy, and on some of those occasions Burns composed several of his best convivial songs. The bard and the innkeeper became so attached to each other

that, as a token of regard, Burns gave Bacon his snuff-box, which for many years had been his pocket companion. The knowledge of this gift was confined to a few of their jovial brethren. But after Bacon's death, in 1825, when his household furniture was sold by public auction, this snuff-box was offered among other trifles, and some one in the crowd at once bid a shilling for it. There was a general exclamation that it was not worth twopence, and the auctioneer seemed about to knock it down. He first looked, however, at the lid, and then read in a tremendous voice the following inscription upon it: "Robert Burns, officer of the Excise." Scarcely had he uttered the words, says one who was present at the sale, before shilling after shilling was rapidly and confusedly offered for this relic of Scotland's great bard, the greatest anxiety prevailing; while the biddings rose higher and higher, till the trifle was finally knocked down for five pounds. The box was made of the tip of a horn, neatly turned round at the point; its lid is plainly mounted with silver, on which the inscription is engraved.

Speaking of Scotland, there is a story of the snuff-mull in the Scotch kirk. An English lady found herself in a parish church not far from Craithie, in a large pew occupied by farmers and their wives and one or two herdsmen—about a dozen in all. Just before the commencement of

the sermon a large snuff-mull was handed round ; and upon the stranger declining to take a pinch, an old shepherd whispered significantly, "Tak' the sneeshin', mem ; tak' the sneeshin'. Ye dinna ken oor minister ; ye'll need it afore he's dune."

Here is a pen-picture of the famous Bishop Whately as a snuff-taker :—The logic class is assembled. The door by which the principal is to enter is exactly opposite to the foot of the stair which descends from his own apartment. It stands open, and presently a kind of rushing sound is heard on the staircase. The next instant, Whately plunges headforemost into the room, saying while yet in the doorway, "Explain the nature of the third operation of the mind, Mr. Johnson." But as none of the operations of Mr. Johnson's mind are so rapid as those of the energetic principal, the latter has had time to fling himself into a chair, cross the small of one leg over the knee of the other, balance himself on the two hind legs of the chair, and begin to show signs of impatience, before Mr. Johnson has sufficiently gathered his wits together. While that process is being accomplished, the principal soothes his impatience by the administration of a huge pinch—or handful, rather—of snuff to his nose, copiously sprinkling his waistcoat with the superfluity thereof. Then at last comes from Mr. Johnson a meagre answer in the words of the text-book, which is fol-

lowed by a luminous exposition of the rationale of the whole of that part of the subject, in giving which the lecturer shoots far over the heads of the majority of his hearers, but is highly appreciated by the select few who are able to follow him.

Directions for taking a pinch of snuff :— The true snuff-taker, who is bold in his propensities, always has a large wooden snuff-box, which he opens with a crash, and which he flourishes about him, with an air of satisfaction and pride. He takes a pinch with three fingers, and then, bringing the whole upon his thumb, he sniffs it up with that lusty pleasure with which a rustic smacks a kiss upon the round and ruddy cheek of his sweetheart.

The true artistic method, however, of "taking a pinch" consists of twelve operations :—

1. Take the snuff-box with your right hand.
2. Pass the snuff-box to your left hand.
3. Rap the snuff-box.
4. Open the snuff-box.
5. Present the box to the company.
6. Receive it after going the round.
7. Gather up the snuff in the box by striking the side with the middle and fore-finger.
8. Take up a pinch with the right hand.
9. Keep the snuff a moment or two between the fingers before carrying it to the nose.

10. Put the snuff to your nose.

11. Sniff it in with precision by both nostrils, and without any grimace.

12. Shut the snuff-box, sneeze, spit, and wipe your nose.

A spectator in the pit at the Opera felt a certain pressure upon his coat-pocket, of the aim and object of which he was but too well aware. "You have taken my snuff-box," said he quickly but cautiously to an individual, of very suspicious aspect, who was standing next him. "Return it to me, or I—" "Don't make a noise, I beseech you; pray don't ruin me. Here, take back your snuff-box," added the shabby customer in a low voice, at the same time holding his coat-pocket wide open, into which the too confiding owner of the missing *tabatière* thrust his hand. The rogue immediately caught hold of it and cried "Thief! thief!" and showed the imprisoned hand to the spectators. The veritable owner of the snuff-box was forthwith arrested, but, of course, soon proved his innocence. In the mean time, however, both snuff-box and accuser had disappeared!

VI.

THE HABIT OF CHEWING TOBACCO, OR A SUBSTITUTE COMMON AMONG ALL UNCIVILIZED RACES—"CHEWING" IN PARAGUAY, IN THE FAR EAST, LAPLAND, THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, ETC.—A CURIOUS CALCULATION FOR TOBACCO-CHEWERS AND TEA-DRINKERS—A DISTINGUISHED CLERGYMAN'S DEFENCE OF CHEWING—"DON'T FORGET THE PIG-TAIL"—PIPE-SMOKING IN FRANCE, HOLLAND, GERMANY, SPAIN AND ITALY.

The Malays are fond of a narcotic, and the indulgence in opium is not unknown, but the national indulgence of the race is the areca, or betel-nut, a habit characteristic of a sea-loving people. The use of a pipe, especially an opium pipe, would be a hindrance to the freedom of their motions on board their vessels, and require a state of inactivity or repose incompatible with a maritime life, in order to be enjoyed. This may in part account for the prevalence of chewing tobacco in our navy and the nut-chewing habit of the Malays.

In Paraguay everybody smokes, and nearly every woman and girl more than thirteen years old chews tobacco. A magnificent Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing in diamonds, puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair taper fingers of the other she takes the tobacco out of her mouth previous to your saluting her.

In Siberia boys and girls of nine or ten years of age put a large leaf of tobacco into their mouths without permitting any saliva to escape, nor do they put aside the tobacco should meat be offered to them, but continue consuming both of them together.

The Mintria women and other races of the great Indian Archipelago are addicted to chewing tobacco. Among the Nubians the custom is more common than smoking.

The Finlander delights in chewing. He will remove his quid from time to time, and stick it behind his ear, and then chew it again. This reminds us of a circumstance narrated by a friend, which occurred when he was a boy. His master was a chewer. After a "quid" had been masticated for some time it was removed from his mouth and thrown against the wall, where it remained sticking; the apprentice was then called to write beside it the date at which it was flung there, so that it might be taken down in its proper turn, after being thoroughly dried, to be chewed over again.

At the Cape of Good Hope grows a plant allied to the ice-plant of our greenhouses, and which is a native of the Karroo, which appears to possess narcotic properties. The Hottentots know it under the name of Kow, or Kauw-goed. They gather and beat together the whole plant, roots, stem, and leaves, then twist it up like pig-tail tobacco, after which they let the mass fer-

ment and keep it by them for chewing, especially when they are thirsty. If it be chewed immediately after fermentation it is narcotic and intoxicating. It is called canna-root by the colonists.

In Lapland, Angelica-root is dried and masticated in the same way, and answers the same purpose as tobacco. It is warm and stimulating, and not narcotic, nor does it leave those unpleasant and unsightly evidences of its use which may be observed about the mouth of the true votary of the quid.

The Duke of Marlborough has the credit of being the first distinguished man who made the chewing of tobacco famous.

Somebody with a strong antipathy to pig-tail and fine-cut has entered into certain investigations and calculations in this wise: If a tobacco chewer chews for fifty years, and uses each day of that period two inches of solid plug, he will consume nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco half an inch thick and two inches broad, costing $2094. By the same process of reasoning, this statist calculates that if a man ejects one pint of saliva per day for fifty years, the total would swell into nearly 2300 gallons—quite a respectable lake.

Another calculation shows that if all the tobacco which the British people consumed during three years were worked up into pig-tail half an inch thick, it would

form a line 99,470 miles long, or enough to go nearly four times round the world; or if the tobacco consumed by the same people in the same period were to be placed in one scale and St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey in the other, the ecclesiastical buildings would kick the beam. Let us compare therewith the tea-consumption during the past three years. There were consumed about 205,500,000 pounds of tea, which, if done up in packages containing one quarter of a pound each (such packages being 4½ inches in length and 2½ inches in diameter), these placed end to end, would reach 59,428 miles; or, upon the same principles as those adopted for the pig-tail, would girdle the earth twice with a belt of tea 2½ inches in diameter, or twenty-five times that of the aforesaid pig-tail—enough to make rivers of tea strong enough for any old lady in the kingdom to enjoy, and deep enough for all the old ladies in the kingdom to bathe in.

When Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Minneapolis, preached in Chicago, his brethren all knew that he loved fine-cut, because he made no secret of the chewing habit. He was a regular attendant at those Monday morning "ministers' meetings" which the average reporter hates, but which are really enjoyable on account of the bright sayings and clever witticisms of preachers who do not think they are forbidden to indulge in a hearty laugh because they oc-

cupy a pulpit. While Dr. Tiffany was a participant in these meetings the tobacco habit came up for discussion one morning. A well-known bishop was presiding. One after another the brethren arose and condemned the use of tobacco in any form. Then one of them, during a lull, said he would like to hear Dr. Tiffany's ideas on the subject. The big doctor arose. "I chew tobacco," he said, "and you all know it. Now I would like to have all those who do not use tobacco rise in their seats." There was a grand uprising. "Remain standing, please," said the doctor, as he looked over the cadaverous men standing before him. "Will those who use tobacco please step forward here?" he said, and a half dozen sleek-looking parsons walked up and joined him. "Stand up, bishop; you're a chewer," he said to the presiding divine, and he joined the group. Dr. Tiffany then looked over the thin fellows who tabooed tobacco, turned to the healthy looking men around him, and said: "Brethren, I think we are doing pretty well." The argument was unanswerable.

The following letter, written by a sailor, aptly illustrates the attitude of Jack Tar toward chewing tobacco:

GRAVESEND, Mar. 24, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER TOM: This comes hopen to find you in good health as it leaves

me safe ankor'd here yesterday at 4 P.M. arter a pleasant voyage tolerable short and a few squalls. Dear Tom,—hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail. Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortinly not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the Black Boy in 7 diles, where go acks for best pig-tail—pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts, ony took 2 whereof one is quite wored out, and tuther most, but don't forget the pig-tail, as I ain't had a quid to chor never since Thursday. Dear Tom—as for the shirts, your size will do, ony longer. I liks um long—get one at present, best at Tower-Hill, and cheap, but be particler to go to 7 diles for the pig-tail at the Black Boy, and Dear Tom, acks for pound best pig-tail, and let it be good—Captain's boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he likes pig-tail, so ty it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday, there or thereabouts. Not so perticler for the shirt, as the present can be washed, but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother

T. P.

P. S.—Don't forget the pig-tail.

The French are not great pipe smokers, but in Germany the pipe may be said to be the national utensil. Passing a good part

of his existence at the brasserie, or seated in his arm-chair at the corner of the fire, the German of the old school has adopted a pipe that can remain lighted a long time. The bowl, in porcelain, lends itself easily to ornamentation, while the long stem enables him to hold it without burning his fingers. The student's pipe is shaped something like an Hungarian sabre. It is often the sign of recognition with the initiated ones of the secret societies so prevalent among the German students.

The clay pipe is in general use in Europe; it is made in France, Belgium, Holland, England, Spain, and Italy. The best qualities require considerable care, and the greatest difficulty consists in piercing the stem. The porcelain pipes are preferred in Germany; they are made of very pure kaolin, and covered with a brilliant enamel. The briarwood pipe is manufactured at Paris and at Saint-Claude, in the Jura. Since Africa has been colonized by the French the red clay pipes, with wide-spread ing bowl and Oriental designs, have become familiar. The genuine pipe of this kind is made in Algeria and Morocco, but quantities of imitations are manufactured at Marseilles. The stem for these pipes is usually of cherry or jessamine, covered with its bark. The finest of these stems come from Hungary or from the plateaus of Asia Minor.

The most popular pipe made is the briar-

wood. Some idea of the favor of this wood is furnished by the fact that some manufacturers make 1500 different styles of briar pipe, and find a trade for each one of these styles. These pipes cost from five cents to twenty-five dollars each, according to design and the amount of work required to complete them. The most expensive are finished in meerschaum and amber.

Some of the handsomest pipes in briar goods are the Pompeiian pipes made by the famous briar pipemaker, Herr Koch, of Metz, Germany. The decoration of these pipes is unusually artistic. To give an idea, one of the specimens may be described as consisting of a dragon's head. The skin is black, that hue being produced by charring the wood with hot irons and then rubbing it smooth and polishing it; each scale is edged with gold. The inside of the mouth is the natural cedar red brown of the briar (or more correctly bruyere) root, and the tongue is of a bright blood red, this color being the plain wood highly polished. A large red claw is turned backward to support the bowl, and the general appearance of the pipe is handsome in the extreme. Other fine designs are in the form of Pompeiian lamps, the bowl being black at the base, decorated by a coronal of antique pattern, the Mosaic pattern being produced by the natural wood, the red polished wood, the charred black, and the several shades of brown black produced

by skilful charring. One of these pipes is mounted with three pieces of albatross quill, laid side by side and connected by antique silver joints, so that the smoke travels along each of these before it reaches the mouth. The stem is really three times its nominal length. The bowl is perfectly plain, polished black. On the front, carved in colors, may be placed the crest, coat of arms, or monogram of the owner, his club, regiment, or organization; any of these designs being executed to order.

When the pipe made its appearance in France, in the reign of Louis XIV., the government began to distribute pipes among the soldiers. Jean Bart was an inveterate smoker, and the story goes that some Bourbon princesses used to smoke pipes. There was very little smoking in Europe in the eighteenth century. No great man of that time was a smoker. During the French revolution the pipe was comparatively unknown. Neither Robespierre nor Danton, nor any one of the leaders of that period, was a smoker. But when Napoleon's army returned from Egypt the pipe became fashionable. General Lassalle used to lead his cavalry charges with a pipe in his mouth; and d'Oudinot was the possessor of a splendid meerschaum, which was presented to him by Napoleon, and which was ornamented with stones to the value of about $7500. General Moreau, when his legs were about

to be amputated, called for his pipe, that he might smoke it during the operation.

The Restoration brought about a reaction against the pipe, and it was not until 1830 that it regained a popularity which it has preserved up to the present time. Except perhaps in England, the pipe is considered out of place on the street; but at home it is just the thing in all sorts of society, and it is smoked by many great men, including Bismarck.

French poets have frequently compared a man's existence to a lighted pipe, whose contents pass off in smoke and ashes. In an old volume of the eighteenth century, entitled "Morale de Guérard," there is an engraving representing a young man smoking a clay pipe, and the legend calls him the "Universal Portrait." This is followed by a queer old piece of poetry comparing everybody to a lighted pipe.

From a schism in tobacco-pipes Knickerbocker dates the use of parties in the Niew Nederlandts. The rich and self-important burghers who had made their fortunes, and could afford to be lazy, adhered to the ancient fashion, and formed a kind of aristocracy known as the "Long-pipes;" while the lower order, adopting the reform of William Kieft, as more convenient in their handicraft employments, were branded with the plebeian name of "short-pipes."

VII.

ORIGIN OF THE CIGARETTE — FAMOUS WOMEN SMOKERS—EMPRESSES, QUEENS, PRINCESSES, AND WOMEN OF FASHION WHO FIND COMFORT IN THE DAINTY CIGARETTE OR THE FRAGRANT CIGAR—IN THE ORIENT THE FAIR ONES GOSSIP, SMOKE, AND DRINK COFFEE—A PEEP INTO THE HAREM—CURIOUS RIDDLES AND PROVERBS ABOUT TOBACCO.

What is the origin of the cigarette? Some authorities assert that its use is as old as that of smoking tobacco itself; but it is not possible to be very precise on this point, although it is probable that the earliest smokers made their own cigarettes. The great vogue of the cigarette in France dates from the same time as the introduction of the cigar, namely, 1830, when the influence of romanticism contributed powerfully to making it fashionable. Hugo's drama of "Hernani" started the taste for Spanish things, and the young literary men and artists at once took to smoking cigarettes. In Spain everybody smokes, and generally smokes the cigarette. As soon as two men meet one offers cigarettes and the other the light. The Spaniards smoke slowly, and do not light a second cigarette immediately after the first one is finished. Sober in all things, the Spaniard knows how to enjoy the final taste and the souvenir. He smokes everywhere and at all hours: before his re-

pasts, afterward, and between meals. At the theatre, at the bull fights, in the offices, and on the railways tobacco has conquered its citizenship.

The Spaniards have a proverb to this effect: "A paper cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man for a day without eating."

One of the greatest charms for the smoker is to make the cigarette himself, and the Spaniards are exceedingly clever at this work. The most remarkable quality of their sovereign, Ferdinand VII., was that he could make two cigarettes simultaneously, one with each hand.

The manufacture of cigarettes in France began in 1843, and at first the factory at Gros Caillou was able to supply the demand. Now there are seven factories at work, employing 2,000 women, who turn out 400,000,000 cigarettes every year. French cigarettes are made of ordinary and superior scaferlati tobacco and sold in various colored packages of twenty; the prices range from six cents to forty cents a package. The foreign cigarettes on sale in France are generally made of Levant tobacco, and American brands are also obtainable in a few places. The French cigarettes are manufactured by a machine that fabricates 15,000 in ten hours.

A vast majority of the Empresses, Queens, and Princesses of the world rest in the conviction that life bears a more beau-

tiful aspect when seen through the opalescent clouds of fragrant smoke that issue from their delicate mouths.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, smokes from thirty to forty Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day, and for many years it has been her inveterate custom to puff away after dinner at a strong Italian cigar, one of those with a straw running through it, and which is brought to her with her cup of Turkish coffee every evening on a gold salver. She says herself that smoking soothes her nerves, and that whenever she feels "blue" a cigar or a cigarette will do more than anything else to cause her to see things in a happier light. She is a perfect Greek and Latin scholar, and when writing she smokes almost continually. On her writing table are always a large silver box of repousse work filled with cigarettes, a match-box of carved Chinese Jade, and a capacious ash receiver, made of the hoof of a favorite hunter, which broke its spine over a blackthorn hedge. Almost mechanically Her Majesty lights cigarette after cigarette, as she sits in her great writing-room, which is fitted up with carved-oak panels and Gobelin tapestries, the sombre hue of the walls being relieved here and there by trophies of the chase.

The Czarina of Russia, who is likewise one of the vassals of King Nicotine, smokes in a somewhat more indolent and almost Oriental fashion. Stretched on the

silken cushions of a broad low divan, at Gatchnia, she follows dreamily with her beautiful dark eyes the rings of blue smoke that her crimson lips part to send upward into the perfumed air of her boudoir, a boudoir which she calls her "den," and which is copied from one of the loveliest rooms of the Alhambra.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is another of the royal ladies who see no harm in the use of tobacco. Her flashing black eyes look laughingly through fragrant clouds of smoke, and she is wont to declare that her cigarette is more essential to her comfort than anything else in life.

Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, is a great advocate of tobacco. She consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and there is nothing that her little "Bubi," His Most Catholic Majesty King Alphonso XIII., enjoys more than when his mother permits him to strike a match and apply the flame to the end of her cigarette. When thus engaged the little fellow laughs merrily, and indulges in all sorts of antics, like a light-hearted little monarch that he is.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. at any rate does not consider the use of tobacco as a vice, else he would scarcely have conferred the Golden Rose on so inveterate and confirmed votaries of the weed as Queen Christina and the ex-Crown Princess of Brazil. Indeed, there is every reason to believe

that, like many other enlightened spirits, he regards the objection to cigarettes as being mere smoke after all.

The smoking paraphernalia of the beautiful and voluptuous-looking ex-Queen Natalie, of Servia, is of the most elaborate and magnificent description, while the poet-Queen of Roumania, so well known in the literary world under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," is content with a gold cigarette case suspended to her chatelaine.

The Comtesse de Paris, the Queen de jure of France, is addicted to mild Havanas of delicious flavor, and her daughter, Queen Amelia, of Portugal, is a source of considerable fortune to the manufacturers of Russian cigarettes at Dresden. All the Russian Grand Duchesses and most of the imperial Archduchesses of Austria, including Marie Therese, Elizabeth and Clothilde, smoke to their hearts' content and in the most public manner, and their example is followed by Queen Olga, of Wurtemberg, who is a daughter of Czar Nicholas; by Queen Olga, of Greece, who is likewise a Russian Grand Duchess; by the Princesses Leopold and Luitpold, of Bavaria, and by Queen Henrietta of Belgium.

Queen Victoria has an intense horror of smoking, and it is strictly prohibited at Windsor Castle, at Balmoral, and at Osborne. This, indeed, is one of the main reasons why the visits of the Prince of Wales to his aügust mother are so brief,

and so few and far between, for the heir apparent to the English throne is so little accustomed to self-denial and so fond of smoking, that he is scarcely ever to be seen for an hour together without a cigar or cigarette between his lips. The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, smokes, but both his wife and his daughters, especially Princess Maud, are accustomed to indulge in a cigarette when in their morning-room at Sandringham or Marlborough House. Many, in fact most of the great ladies of France, such as the Duchesses de Mouchy, de la Rochefoucauld-Doudearville, d'Uzes, and de Maille, are fond of cigarettes, the fashion having been set in France some five and thirty years ago by Empress Eugenie, who, like all Spaniards, was never at her ease except when puffing clouds of fragrant smoke from her lips. Indeed, during the Napoleonic régime there was scarcely a corner in the palace of the Tuileries, St. Cloud, or Compiegne which was not redolent with the fumes of tobacco. Of the members of the Imperial French Court, Napoleon's cousin, Princess Mathilde, the Princesses de Sagan, the Duchess de Persigby, the Marquise de Gallifet, the Marquise de Beibœuf, and the Comtesse de Pourtales, may every one of them have been said to have seen life only through hazy clouds of smoke. In Austria and Hungary all the great ladies divide their loyalty equally between their beloved

Emperor on the one hand and King Nicotine on the other, and many is the time that the Princess Metternich, Princess Leontine Furstenberg, Margravin Pallavicini, Countess Shonborn, Princess Clam-Gallas, and Countess Andrassy have been seen smoking on the race-course of the Freudenau, or even in the Stadt Park, while listening to the strains of Strauss's orchestra.

It is in the Orient, however, that smoking has been developed into a fine art. Debarred from all the social pleasures and active mode of life of their European sisters, the ladies of the Zenana are restricted to gossip, coffee, and tobacco. Nowhere else in the world are these three things brought to such a standard of perfection. A fair idea of the importance attached thereto by Turkish women of high rank may be obtained by a visit to the Harem of the Khedive of Egypt at the Ismailia Palace on the banks of the Nile. The audience chamber of His Highness's only wife is a casket fit for a jewel. The furniture is of ivory and mother-of-pearl, and the hangings of silvery satins, embroidered with pale roses and violets in silk and silver thread. The ceiling and woodwork are painted with groups of flowers, and the glass in the windows is milk-white, while the floor is covered with thick white Aubusson rugs, strewn with a design of rose leaves and buds. Here, lying back on a low velvet divan, is the Vice-Queen, smiling her

welcome to the approaching visitor. She ts still extremely beautiful, although a little too short. Her face is brilliant and iovely like a Titian or a Rubens ; her eyes are very large and velvety, full of the slumberous fires of the Orient ; her scarlet lips are like a double camelia petal, and her skin of the warm, creamy whitness of the tea-rose. She is generally clothed in white silken tissues, cut à l'Europienne, with a great profusion of marvellous lace, and a perfect shower of pearls and diamonds glittering on her hair, on her white bosom, encircling her wrists and covering her small, plump hands. Diamonds sparkle everywhere ; the tobacco-box, which lies on a low inlaid table near the Vice-Queen, is studded with them. The inkstand and penholder which adorn her writing-desk are all ablaze with splendid gems. Her Highness's slippers are thickly sewn with brilliants, and more jewels form monograms on all the dainty trinkets which surround her, from her gold footstool to her powder-box and tortoise-shell hand-glass. On her heart the Vice-Queen wears a miniature of her husband framed with huge diamonds and rubies, and around her waist is a broad band of the same stones to which is suspended a fan of snowy ostrich feathers, its handle encrusted with pearls, emeralds, and sapphires. In spite of all this profusion of jewelry, there is nothing discordant in the sovereign's appearance. The

nature of the luxury is in perfect keeping with her Oriental style of beauty, and the setting in absolute harmony with the great brilliancy of the picture she presents.

The Vice-Queen frequently smokes a narghile (water-pipe). This suits her style of beauty even better than the more prosaic cigarette. The bowl is of engraved rock crystal mounted in chased gold, fashioned in the form of a lotus flower. The tube is concealed by a deftly wrought network of pink silk and gold thread, while the amber mouth-piece and gold plateau are one mass of sparkling jewels.

Here are some curious riddles and proverbs about tobacco. A little book hawked about the country in the reign of Queen Anne contains the following riddle :

> " What tho' I have a nauseous breath,
> Yet many a one will me commend ;
> I am beloved after death,
> And serviceable to my friend,"

to which is appended the answer, " This is tobacco, after cut and dryed, being dead, becometh serviceable." The following " quaint conceit" is still more clever :

" To three-fourths of a cross add a circle complete ;
Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet ;
Next add a triangle that stands on two feet,
Then two semicircles and a circle complete."

" To three-fourths of a cross add a circle complete : TO
Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet : B
Next add a triangle that stands on two feet : A
Then two semicircles and a circle complete : CCO

A cutty bowl, like a Creole's eye, is most prized when blackest.

Coffee without tobacco is meat without salt.—*Persian.*

A wealthy Englishman, who left his estates to Lord Chatham, in admiration of his talents, possessed a tobacco-box, on which, under a skull, was engraved a Latin quotation, which has been thus rendered in English :

> ' Of lordly man, how humble is the type,
> A fleeting shadow, a tobacco-pipe !
> His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay,
> His breath the smoke so idly puffed away,
> His food the herb that fills the hollow bowl,
> Death is the stopper, ashes end the whole."

Senator Thurman and Senator Edmunds, between whom there was a strong friendship, were lovers of the pipe. Albert Pike, the poet, has written of them :

> " Not from cigars these Senate stars
> Their inspiration drew ;
> Old pipes they smoked, as they sat and joked—
> Yes, pipes, and cob pipes, too !"